

THE CRAFTSMAN



PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.

VOLUME XXIX DECEMBER, 1915 NUMBER 3



"WHERE LOVE IS:" A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS STORY: BY LEON N. TOLSTOY

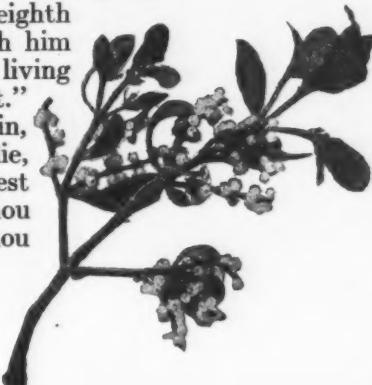
(Courtesy of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard)



N a certain city dwelt Martin Avdyeeich, the cobbler. He lived in a cellar, a wretched little hole with a single window. The window looked up toward the street, and through it Martin could just see the passers-by. It is true that he could see little more than their boots, but Martin Avdyeeich could read a man's character by his boots, so he needed no more. . . . Avdyeeich had always been a pretty good man, but as he grew old he began to think more about his soul, and draw nearer to his God. While Martin was still a journeyman his wife had died; but his wife had left him a little boy—three years old. Their other children had not lived. All the eldest had died early. Martin wished at first to send his little child into the country to his sister, but afterward he thought better of it. "My Kapitoshka," thought he, "will feel miserable in a strange household. He shall stay here with me." And so Avdyeeich left his master, and took to living in lodgings alone with his little son. But God did not give Avdyeeich happiness in his children. No sooner had the little one begun to grow up and be a help and a joy to his father's heart, than a sickness fell upon Kapitoshka, the little one took to his bed, lay there in a raging fever for a week, and then died. Martin buried his son in despair—so desperate was he that he began to murmur against God. . . .

And lo! one day there came to Avdyeeich from the Troitsa Monastery, an aged peasant-pilgrim—it was already the eighth year of his pilgrimage. Avdyeeich fell a-talking with him and began to complain of his great sorrow. "As for living any longer, thou man of God," said he, "I desire it not."

And the old man said to him: "Thy speech, Martin, is not good. . . . God willed that thy son shouldst die, but that thou shouldst live. Therefore 'twas the best thing both for him and for thee. It is because thou wouldest fain have loved for thy own delight that thou dost now despair."



"WHERE LOVE IS"

"But what then *is* a man to live for?" asked Avdyeeich.

And the old man answered: "For God, Martin! . . . When thou dost begin to live for Him, thou wilt grieve about nothing more, and all things will come easy to thee."

Martin was silent for a moment, and then he said: "And how must one live for God?"

"Christ hath shown us the way. Thou knowest thy letters. Buy the Gospels and read; there thou wilt find out how to live for God. There, everything is explained."

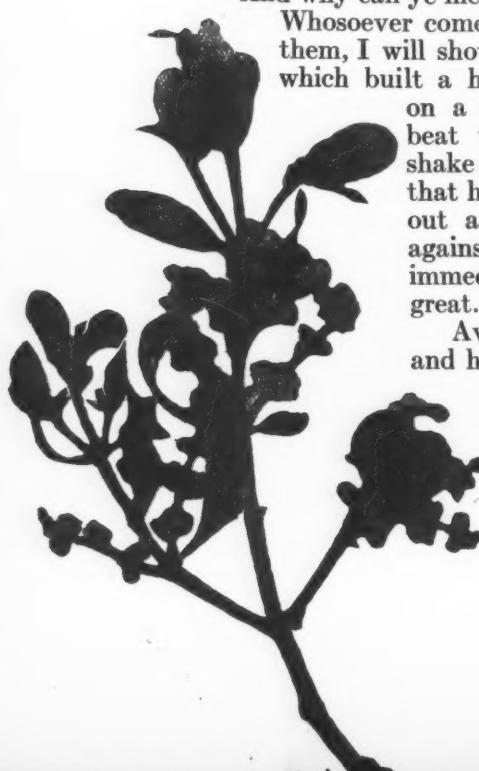
These words made the heart of Avdyeeich burn within him, and he went the same day and bought for himself a New Testament printed in very large type, and began to read. . . .

Henceforth the whole life of Avdyeeich was changed. Formerly, whenever he had a holiday, he would go to the tavern to drink tea, nor would he say no to a drop of brandy now and again. He would tipple with his comrades, and though not actually drunk, would, for all that, leave the inn a bit merry, babbling nonsense and talking loudly and censoriously. He had done with all that now. His life became quiet and joyful. . . .

It happened once that Martin was up reading till very late. He was reading St. Luke's Gospel. He was reading the sixth chapter, and as he read he came to the words "And to him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other." This passage he read several times, and presently he came to that place where the Lord says: "And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?

Whosoever cometh to Me, and heareth My sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man which built a house, and dug deep, and laid the foundations on a rock. And when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdyeeich read these words through and through, and his heart was glad. He took off his glasses, laid them on the book, rested his elbow on the table, and fell a-thinking. And he began to measure his own life by these words. And he thought to himself, "Is my house built on the rock or on the sand?" . . . And he read



"WHERE LOVE IS"

all about the woman who anointed Christ's feet and washed them with her tears, and how He justified her. And so he came at last

to the forty-fourth verse, and there he read these words: "And He turned to the woman and said to Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she has washed My feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. . . . And again Avdyeeich took off his glasses, and laid them on the book, and fell a-thinking.

"So it is quite plain that I too have something of the Pharisee about me. Am I not always thinking of myself? Am I not always thinking of drinking tea, and keeping myself as warm and cozy as possible, without thinking at all about the guest? Simon thought about himself, but did not give the slightest thought to his guest. But who was the guest? The Lord Himself. And suppose He were to come to me, should I treat Him as the Pharisee did?"

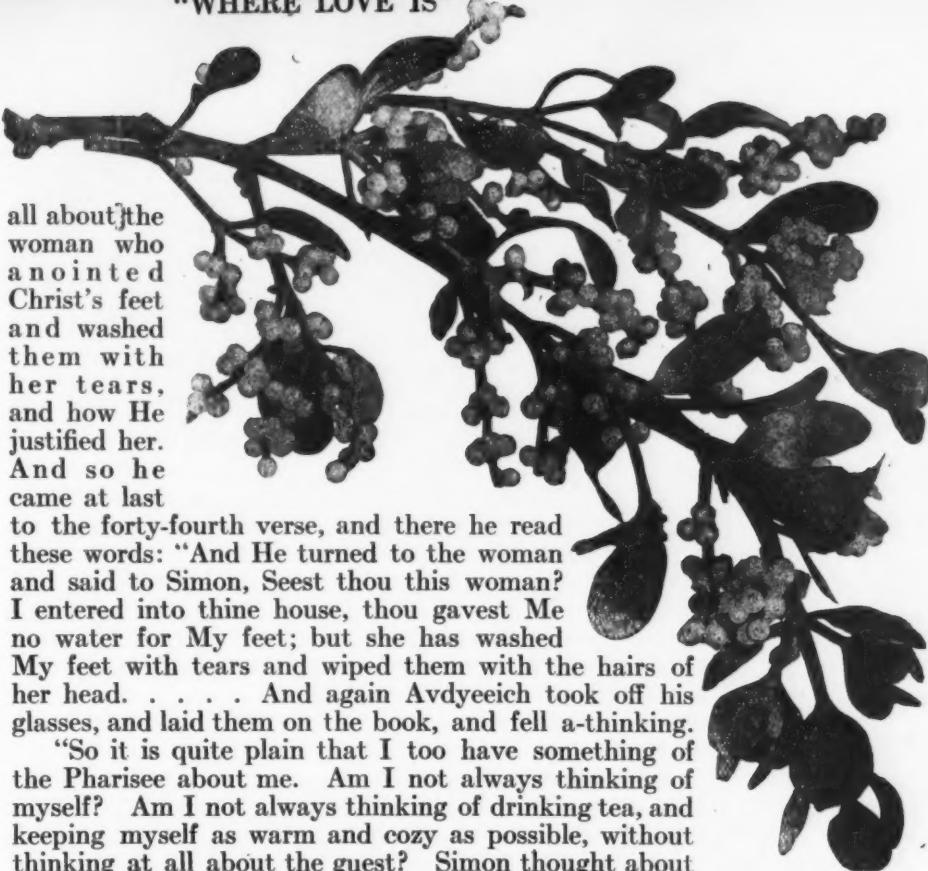
And Avdyeeich leaned both his elbows on the table and, without perceiving it, fell a-dozing.

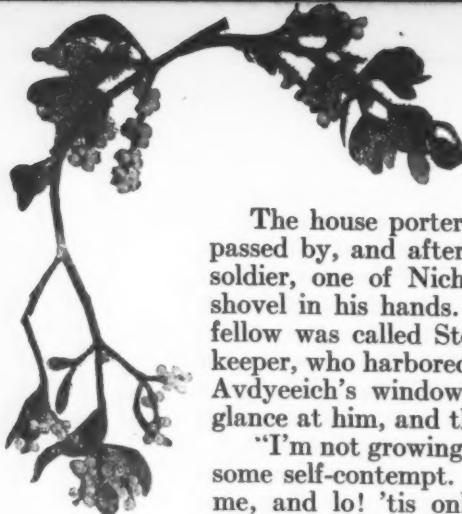
"Martin!" It was as though the voice of some one close to his ear. Martin started up from his nap. "Who's there?"

He turned around, he gazed at the door, but there was no one. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite plainly, "Martin, Martin, I say! Look to-morrow into the street. I am coming."

Martin awoke, rose from his chair, and began to rub his eyes. And he did not know himself whether he had heard these words asleep or awake. He turned down the lamp and laid him down to rest.

At dawn, next day, Avdyeeich arose, prayed to God, lit his stove, got ready his gruel and cabbage soup, filled his samovar, put on his apron, and sat him down by his window to work. . . .





"WHERE LOVE IS"

The house porter passed by in new felt boots, the water-carrier passed by, and after that there passed close to the window an old soldier, one of Nicholas's veterans, in tattered old boots, with a shovel in his hands. Avdyeeich knew him by his boots. The old fellow was called Stepanuich, and lived with the neighboring shop keeper, who harbored him of his charity. Stepanuich stopped before Avdyeeich's window to sweep away the snow. Avdyeeich cast a glance at him, and then went on working as before.

"I'm not growing sager as I grow older," thought Avdyeeich, with some self-contempt. "I make up my mind that Christ is coming to me, and lo! 'tis only Stepanuich clearing away the snow. Thou simpleton, thou! thou art wool-gathering!" . . .

"The old man is very much broken," thought Avdyeeich to himself. "It is quite plain that he has scarcely strength enough to scrape away the snow. Suppose I make him drink a little tea! The samovar, too, is just on the boil." Avdyeeich put down his awl, got up, placed the samovar on the table, put some tea in it, and tapped on the window with his fingers. Stepanuich turned around and came to the window. Avdyeeich beckoned to him, and then went and opened the door.

"Come in and warm yourself a bit," cried he. "You're a bit chilled, eh?"

"Christ requite you! Yes, and all my bones ache too," said Stepanuich.

And Avdyeeich filled two cups, and gave one to his guest, and he poured his own tea out into the saucer and began to blow it.

Stepanuich drank his cup, turned it upside down, put a gnawed crust on the top of it, and said, "Thank you." But it was quite plain that he wanted to be asked to have some more.

"Have a drop more. Do!" said Avdyeeich, and poured out fresh cups for his guest and himself, and as Avdyeeich drank his cup, he could not help glancing at the window from time to time.

"Dost thou expect anyone?" asked his guest.

"Do I expect anyone? Well, honestly, I hardly know. I am expecting and I am not expecting, and there's a word which has burnt itself right into my heart. Whether it was a vision or no, I know not. Look now, my brother! I was reading yesterday about our little Father Christ; how He suffered; how He came on earth. Hast thou heard of Him, eh?"

"I have heard, I have heard," replied Stepanuich, "but we poor ignorant ones know not our letters."

"Anyhow, I was reading about this very thing—how He came down upon earth. I was reading how He went to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee did not meet Him half-way. That was what I was

"WHERE LOVE IS"

reading about yesternight, little brother mine. I read that very thing, and bethought me how the Honorable did not receive our little Father Christ honorably. But suppose, I thought, if He came to one like me—would I receive Him? Simon, at any rate, did not receive Him at all. Thus, I thought, and so thinking, fell asleep. I fell asleep, I say, little brother mine, and I heard my name called. I started up. A voice was whispering at my very ear. 'Look out to-morrow!' it said, 'I am coming.' And so it befell twice. Now look! Wouldst thou believe it? The idea stuck to me—I scold myself for my folly, and yet I look for Him, our little Father Christ! . . . Now it seems to me that when our little Father went about on earth, He despised no one, but sought unto the simple folk most of all. He was always among the simple folk. . . . He who would be the first among you, He says, let him become the servant of all. And, therefore, it is that He says, Blessed are the lowly, the peacemakers, the humble, and the long-suffering."

Stepanuich forgot his tea. He was an old man, soft-hearted, and tearful. He sat and listened, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Come, drink a little more," said Avdyeeich. But Stepanuich crossed himself, expressed his thanks, pushed away his cup, and got up.

"I thank thee, Martin Avdyeeich. I have fared well at thy hands, and thou hast refreshed me both in body and soul."

"Thou wilt show me a kindness by coming again. I am so glad to have a guest," said Avdyeeich. Stepanuich departed, and Martin poured out the last drop of tea, drank it, washed up, and again sat down by the window to work—he had some back-stitching to do. He stitched and stitched, and now and then cast glances at the window—he was looking for Christ, and could think of nothing but Him and His works. . . .

There came alongside the window a woman in worsted stockings and rustic shoes, and as she was passing by she stopped short in front of the partition wall. Avdyeeich looked up at her from his window, and he saw that the woman was a stranger and poorly clad, and that she had a little child with her. She was leaning up against the wall with her back to the wind, and tried to wrap the child up, but she had nothing to wrap it up with. . . . Then Avdyeeich got up, went out of the door and on to the steps, and cried, "My good woman! My good woman!"

The woman heard him and turned around.

"Why dost thou stand out in the cold there with the child? Come inside! In the warm room thou wilt be better able to tend him. This way!"

"WHERE LOVE IS"

The woman was amazed. What she saw was an old fellow in an apron and with glasses on his nose calling to her. She came toward him.

They went down the steps together—they went into the room. The old man led the woman to the bed. "There," said he, "sit down, gossip, nearer to the stove, and warm and feed thy little one." . . .

He went to the table, got some bread and a dish, opened the oven door, put some cabbage soup into the dish, took out a pot of gruel, but it was not quite ready, so he put some cabbage soup only into the dish, and placed it on the table. Then he fetched bread, took down the cloth from the hook, and spread it on the table.

"Sit down and have something to eat, gossip," said he, "and I will sit down a little with the youngster. I have had children of my own, and know how to manage them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat, and Avdyeeich sat down on the bed with the child. . . . But the woman went on eating, and told him who she was and whence she came.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said; "my eight months' husband they drove right away from me, and nothing has been heard of him since. I took a cook's place till I became a mother. They could not keep me and the child. It is now three months since I have been drifting about without any fixed resting place. I have eaten away my all. I wanted to be a wet-nurse, but people wouldn't have me: 'Thou art too thin,' they said. I have just been to the merchant's wife where our grandmother lives, and there they promised to take me in. I thought it was all right, but she told me to come again in a week. But she lives a long way off. I am chilled to death, and he is quite tired out. But God be praised! Our landlady has compassion on us, and gives us shelter for Christ's sake. But for that I don't know how we could live through it all."

Avdyeeich sighed, and said, "And have you no warm clothes?"

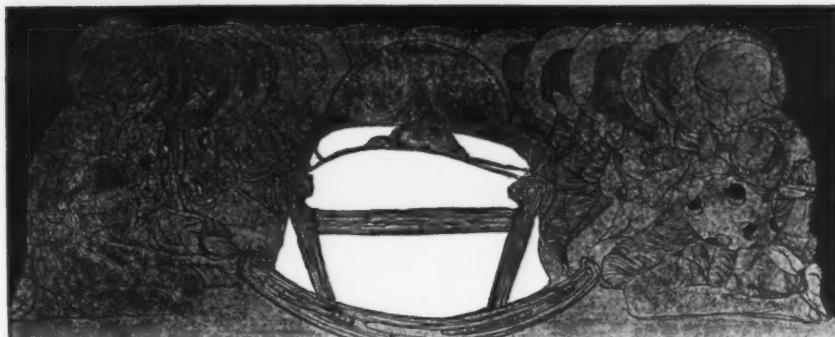
"Ah, kind friend! this is indeed warm-clothes time, but yesterday I pawned away my last shawl for two *grivenki*."

The woman went to the bed and took up the child, but Avdyeeich stood up, went to the wall cupboard, rummaged about a bit, and then brought back with him an old jacket.

"Look!" he said, "'tis a shabby thing, 'tis true, but it will do to wrap up in."

The woman looked at the old jacket, then she gazed at the old man, and, taking the jacket, fell a-weeping. Avdyeeich also turned away, crept under the bed, drew out a trunk and seemed to be very

(Continued on Page 333)



Courtesy of John Lane Co.

A Cradle Picture by G. A. Williams.

"SOFT AND EASY IS THY CRADLE:" NESTS FOR THE WORLD'S BABIES



"*USH, my dear, lie still and slumber,*" sing countless English and American mothers today as they tenderly lay their babes in lace and ribbon cradle-nests, crooning over and over, softer and softer, the exquisite words of Isaac Watts' cradle hymn.

*"Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay."*

Never has there been a cradle so marvelous, so beloved, so revered by all the world as that poor manger lined with sweet-scented hay. Among the treasures of our palaces and museums are cradles of gold and silver elaborately carved and jeweled, lined with the softest of down from the breast of mother birds, prepared for the baby prince who was to rule over a corner of earth for but a brief day or so. Side by side with those famous, costly cradles are some quaintly fashioned, evidently made by one who did his best to show his love for the little child who was to use it as a throne and rule his household.

The very plainest cradle possesses a subtle sense of soul, a nameless individuality that distinguishes it from any other piece of furniture. Even in these earliest "baby-beds" there is an imaginative quality most appealing. The mind pictures the first rude struggles to bring comfort and beauty to the bed of the little ones. It would seem as if every little baby loved to be rocked, for we have old cuts of cradles hewn out of half logs that must have rolled and swayed most unevenly. In these old half-log cradles the baby was securely bound within by leather thongs, and no doubt the mother touched it with her foot as she sat working, crooning some soft wild lullaby, even as do the mothers nowadays.

NESTS FOR THE WORLD'S BABIES

Other pictures of ancient cradles make us think that the nursery rhyme "Rock-a-bye baby upon the tree-top" was based upon fact, not poetical fancy. Lovely pictures come to our mind when we hear this familiar rhyme, of pine-bough hammocks swinging high in the tree-tops beneath a silvery moon, rocked by gentle winds. To the Indian mother this tree cradle was not a fancy, but a natural, convenient plan. From reeds gathered, dried, stained and woven by her own hands she made the most fascinating of basket cradles lined with shredded cedar bark and swung it from pliant boughs of the pine tree, high beyond reach of prowling animals. For toys the baby had glistening green pine needles and brown cones. Blue pine-siskins and gay grosbeaks flew about singing merry tunes and funny gray squirrels frisked and chattered. Oh! there were many things for that somber brown baby to look at while the mother ground corn or sat at her loom. Sometimes instead of a cradle of reeds she made a long roll of the skin of some animal with the soft woolly side turned in and laced it tight with raw-hide thongs. When all was done the cradle with the baby inside looked like some great cocoon waiting for its wings to grow.

The Eskimo and Lapland mother swung her baby in a hammock made of sealskin with the soft warm fur for a lining. This funny, cozy cradle was swung from a walrus tusk or rib of some huge animal thrust securely into the ice wall of her hut. From these interesting, primitive cradles to the elaborate, carved, painted and gilded royal cradles of Italy, gorgeous as the coronation chair of the king, and our own dainty bassinettes of lace and ribbons fit for any fairy queen, is a long wonderful chain of tiny beds as characteristic of different national qualities as the people who made them.

The most beautiful woods the world can produce have been drawn upon to build our cradles. It has been carved and painted, inlaid and set with precious stones by the laborious work of the fathers, while the happy mothers fashioned coverlets of lace, of elaborately embroidered silk, of finely spun wool or of cotton with intricate patch-work pattern upon it. Always love has gone into the making of cradles, inspiring the design and guiding the engraver's tool, and always they swing or rock in some attractive way. Some rockers have been made like a bird's outstretched wing, others like Diana's crescent moon. Sometimes they swung from standards.

The pen and ink marginal drawing of the wooden cradle swung from carved standards with the painted bird perched patiently on top is supposed to have held the baby Henry the Fifth, who was born in thirteen hundred and eighty-eight. It is now in the collection gathered together by the late King Edward the Seventh, and has

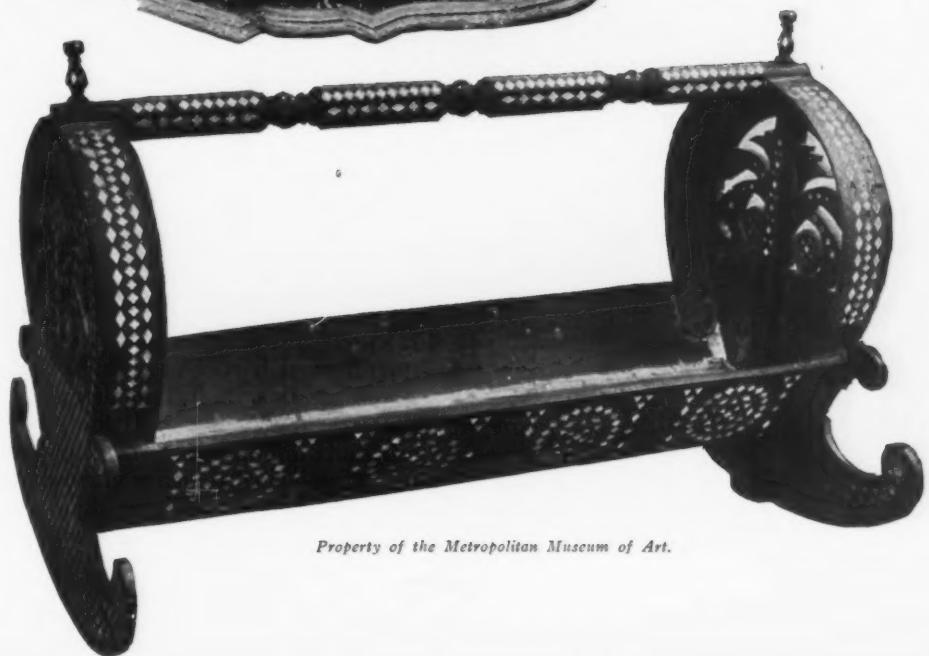
A fur cradle
for an Indian
baby in an
outdoor "nursery."





THIS CARVED AND GILDED CRADLE doubtless once held a prince of Italy: Carved wooden waves covered with gold leaf support a shell or boat upon the prow of which is a carved head.

The acanthus at the top held the curtain away from the baby's face: It is lined with crimson damask and is a most interesting example of eighteenth century workmanship.



FROM ARA-BIA is the beautiful cradle shown below: The head and foot boards show a pierced palm leaf pattern inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The bar across the top to hold a net is hand turned and thickly inlaid with diamond shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



AN EARLY AMERICAN CRADLE COVERED
with leather with a simple running wave design of
brass nails which holds the leather to the body of the
cradle.

The date, 1734, is tacked upon the hood: An un-
usual form of cradle, decorative in the extreme: With
coverlet of patchwork and blanket of home-spun
wool "soft and easy" was this cradle.

*Property of the Museum of New York Colonial Dames,
Van Cortlandt Park.*

THE SWISS
cradle at the
right is from
the home of a
peasant who
loved to spend
the long win-
ter days in
carving differ-
ent articles of
furniture to
make his home
more beautiful.

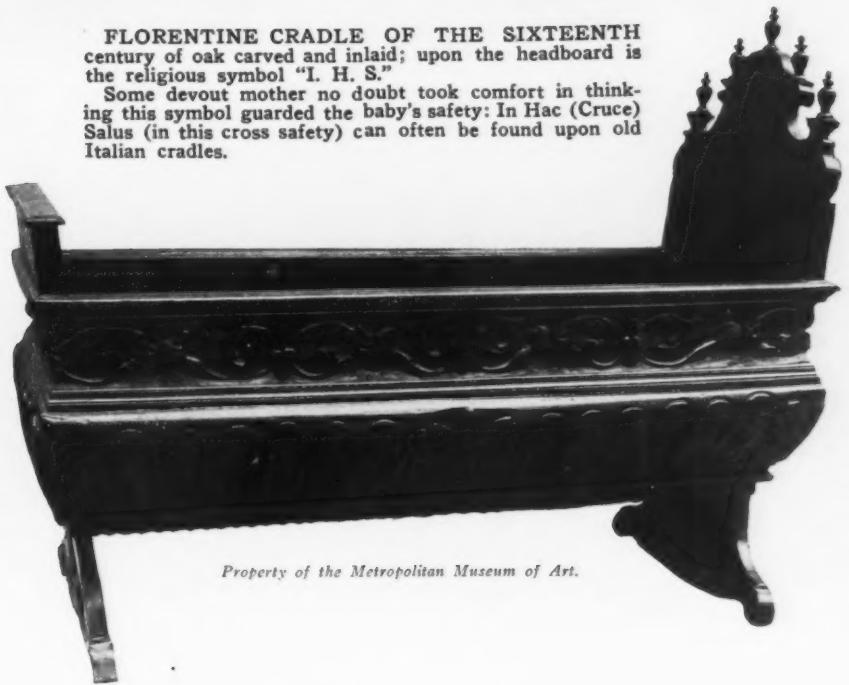
The Swiss
are distin-
guished for
their won-
derful wood carv-
ing: This crad-
le is a good
example of
their work:
Note the little
knobs on the
outside for the
convenience of
tying the baby
in: This is one
of the articles
furnishing the
Swiss room of
the Metropoli-
tan Museum
of Art.



Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

FLORENTINE CRADLE OF THE SIXTEENTH century of oak carved and inlaid; upon the headboard is the religious symbol "I. H. S."

Some devout mother no doubt took comfort in thinking this symbol guarded the baby's safety: In Hac (Cruce) Salus (in this cross safety) can often be found upon old Italian cradles.



Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



*Property of the Museum of
New York Colonial Dames,
Van Cortlandt Park.*

DUTCH CRADLE brought to this country for the comfort of an American pioneer baby.

Some of the early Dutch cradles were without hoods or with hood that could be raised and tipped back when occasion demanded.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF American Indian cradles, often beautifully painted or woven of fine rushes: The papoose is wrapped in shredded cedar bark and blankets of the mother's own weaving.



Courtesy
of the
American
Museum
of
Natural
History.

NESTS FOR THE WORLD'S BABIES

many times appeared in books dealing with historic old furniture. A carved and gilded cradle shown in one of the illustrations, doubtless once held a Prince of Italy. Mounted upon a carved platform covered with crimson damask it is like a giant nautilus sailing a sea of gold. Carved wooden waves covered with gold leaf support a shell or boat upon the gracefully shaped prow of which is a carved head like the figurehead of a ship—a ship of dreams, perhaps. Rising from the top of this elaborate cradle is an acanthus leaf evidently introduced to hold the lace curtain away from the baby's face. At the base of this acanthus is a painted medallion of a mother and child framed in carved wood. This cradle, lined with crimson damask, is of eighteenth century workmanship—a most interesting, imaginative and unusual cradle. Projecting through the waves are bars of gilded wood apparently to be used in carrying it about. This cradle is now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

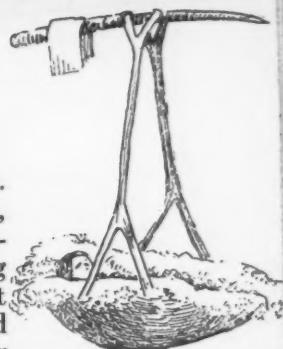
The museum owns also another Italian cradle. Of oak, carved and inlaid, this Florentine cradle of the sixteenth century is most characteristic of that period. Upon the headboard is inlaid the religious symbol I. H. S. We can see the comfort some devout mother took in the knowledge of the protection given her baby by the merciful Savior—In Hac (Cruce) Salus, in this Cross safety.

Arabia, of course, would make the most romantic and decorative of cradles. There is nothing commonplace or "borrowed" about the one we are showing, richly inlaid in mother-of-pearl and metal wire. The head and foot boards show a pierced palm leaf pattern studded closely with little diamond-shaped pieces of pearl inside and out. The octagonal and round bar at the top, evidently to support a net curtain, is hand turned and beautifully inlaid. When a soft-eyed Arab baby was laid among his gay coverlets with pretty toys hanging from the rod he must have stirred a mother's heart with fondest pride.

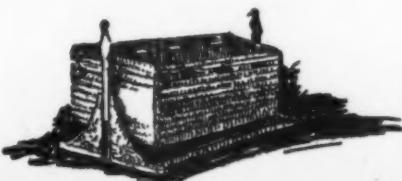
The Swiss, because of the leisure of long winters, developed the art of carving to a high state of perfection. Even the homes of peasants boast wonderful carved chests and tables and chairs. The Swiss cradle we are showing was made in the seventeenth century of oak. Time has toned this elaborate little cradle richly.

An early American cradle of the seventeenth century showed that our forefathers had little time for ornamenting the baby's crib. This solid, substantial cradle shows the Elizabethan influence, memory of the home land. It is of quartered oak, pegged together, and has a quaint half hood. Its length is thirty-seven inches, width seven inches, and height twenty-eight and one-half inches—a most capacious bed indeed.

In the Museum of the New York Colonial Dames in Van Cort-

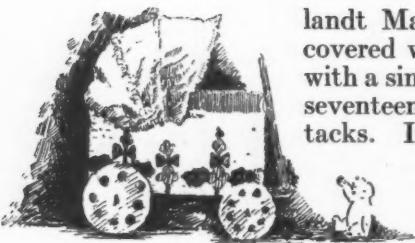


Lapland baby in cradle made with "fur side inside."



A cradle in
which Henry
the Fifth
was rocked.

NESTS FOR THE WORLD'S BABIES



A
modern
cradle
car-
riage.

new land. Its exact date is not known.

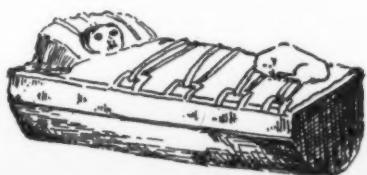
In Pilgrim Hall is an interesting wicker cradle said to have held Peregrine White, the first white baby born in America. It also is evidently of Dutch manufacture and is one of the things that really did come over in the Mayflower. We have records showing that some of the babies were lulled to sleep in Indian baskets hung at either end from a wooden standard. Wrapped in homespun blanket or flannel sheet spun with the finest of white wool, these Indian cradles must have made fascinating sleeping places for pioneer children.

Everyone remembers the picture of Sir John Millais called "A Flood," which shows a Jacobean peasant cradle floating over a flooded meadow with a baby resting safely within crowing contentedly, playing with the sunshine, with a black cat sitting on guard at the foot of the cradle. This shows how staunchly those old cradles were built, veritable arks they were; what they lacked in delicacy was made up in those strong, enduring qualities that have enabled us at this present day to enjoy them.

The little cradles made by Nature to keep the flower seeds warm through their growing time, are lined with silky flower floss. Fine as cobweb is the coverlet of living lace she wraps about the small brown seeds. Outside this silky lining is often a prickly case to protect the baby seeds from injury—as everyone has seen in the chestnut burr. Nature has taught the birds to make the most wonderful of cradles. The cleverest of craftsmen cannot improve upon the oriole's basket woven firmly from the tip of a slender branch, where it sways and swings far out of the reach of marauders. Is anything daintier than the humming bird's cradle of fine shredded grass decorated with gray lichens and lined with cobweb silk or milkweed floss? Nature has put into the minds and hearts of men and women also the desire to decorate and make beautiful the nesting places of their babies.

We, as well as birds, love to make our cradles beautiful and soft as is possible with our imagination and skill to accomplish. We wish to make them with our own hands, not trusting to others.

Primitive
cradle
made of
a hollow-
ed log.





A TALK ABOUT CHILDREN: BY JOHN RUSKIN: ILLUSTRATED BY FAMOUS PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN



F such, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. I believe most mothers who read that text think that all heaven is to be full of babies. But that's not so. There will be children there, but the hoary head is the crown. 'Length of days, and long life and peace,' that is the blessing, not to die in babyhood. Children die, but for their parents' sins; God means them to live, but He can't let them, always; then they have their earlier place in heaven: and the little child of David, vainly prayed for—the little child of Jeroboam, killed by its mother's step on its own threshold—they will be there. But, weary old David and weary old Barzillai, having learned children's lessons at last, will be there too; and the one question for us all, young or old, is, have we learned our child's lesson? It is the *character* of children we want, and must gain at our peril; let us see, briefly, in what it consists.

"The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything, perhaps that all grown people know everything; very certainly it is sure that *it* does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little; to perceive that there are many above him wiser than he; and to be always ask-

A TALK ABOUT CHILDREN

ing questions, wanting to learn, not to teach. No one ever teaches well who wants to teach, or governs well who wants to govern; it is an old saying (Plato's, but I know not if his, first), and as wise as old.

"Then, the second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. Perceiving that its father knows best what is good for it, and having found always, when it has tried its own way against his, that he was right and it was wrong, a noble child trusts him at last wholly, gives him its hand, and will walk blindfold with him, if he bids it. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers, or soldiers under captains. They must trust their captains—they are bound for their lives to choose none but those whom they *can* trust. Then, they are not always to be thinking that what seems strange to them, or wrong in what they are desired to do, *is* strange or wrong. They know their captain; where he leads they must follow, what he bids they must do; and without this trust and faith, without this captainship and soldiership, no great deed, no great salvation, is possible to man. Among all the nations it is only when this faith is attained by them that they become great: the Jew, the Greek, and the Mahometan, agree at least in testifying to this. It was a deed of this absolute trust which made Abraham the father of the faithful; it was the declaration of the power of God as captain over all men, and the acceptance of a leader appointed by Him as commander of the faithful, which laid the foundation of whatever national power yet exists in the East; and the deed of the Greeks, which has become the type of unselfish and noble soldiership to all lands, and to all times, was commemorated, on the tomb of those who gave their lives to do it, in the most pathetic, so far as I know, or can feel, of all human utterances: 'Oh, stranger, go and tell our people that we are lying here, having *obeyed* their words.'

"Then the third character of right childhood is to be Loving and Generous. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child—would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it—does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so little a way.

"And because of all these characters, lastly, it is Cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing—being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow; taking thought only for the duty of the day; trusting somebody else to take care of to-morrow; knowing indeed what labor is, but not what sorrow is; and always ready for play—

"Mary Content,"
daughter
of
William
M. Chase,
painted
by her
father.



Photograph by deW. C. Ward.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilights too her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn."

—William Wordsworth.

"Lights
of
the
world,
and
stars
of
human
race."

—William
Cowper.

From
■
Painting
by
Ben
Ali
Haggan
of
His
Daughter
Margaret
Lee.



"Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!"

—Edward Young.

"Pat"
Roberts,
Robert
Henri,
painter.



"Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through."

—George MacDonald.

"Youth
to
whom
was
given
So
much
of
earth,
so
much
of
heaven."

—William
Wordsworth.



Copyright, 1908, by The Detroit Publishing Co.

ANN SETON:
Wilhelm Funk, painter.

BY JOHN RUSKIN

beautiful play—for lovely human play is like the play of the Sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also, he *rejoiceth* as a strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere; that's the Sun's play; and great human play is like his—all various—all full of light and life, and tender, as the dew of the morning.

"So then, you have the child's character in these four things—Humility, Faith, Charity, and Cheerfulness. That's what you have got to be converted to. 'Except ye be converted and become as little children'—you hear much of conversion nowadays; but people always seem to think they have got to be made wretched by conversion—to be converted to long faces. No, friends, you have got to be converted to short ones; you have to repent into childhood, to repent into delight, and delightsomeness. You can't go into a conventicle but you'll hear plenty of talk of backsliding. Backsliding, indeed! I can tell you, on the ways most of us go, the faster we slide back the better. Slide back into the cradle, if going on is into the grave—back, I tell you; back—out of your long faces, and into your long clothes. It is among children only, and as children only, that you will find medicine for your healing and true wisdom for your teaching. There is poison in the counsels of the *men* of this world; the words they speak are all bitterness, 'the poison of asps is under their lips,' but, 'the sucking child shall play by the hole of the asp.' There is death in the looks of men. 'Their eyes are privily set against the poor;' they are as the uncharitable serpent, the cockatrice, which slew by seeing. But, 'the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice den.' There is death in the steps of men: 'their feet are swift to shed blood; they have compassed us in our steps like the lion that is greedy of his prey, and the young lion lurking in secret places,' but, in that kingdom, the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the fatling with the lion, and 'a little child shall lead them.'

"There is death in the thoughts of men: the world is one wide riddle to them, darker and darker as it draws to a close; but the secret of it is known to the child, and the Lord of heaven and earth is most to be thanked in that 'He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes.' Yes, and there is death—infinitude of death in the principalities and powers of men. As far as the east is from the west, so far our sins are—not set from us, but multiplied around us: the Sun himself, think you he *now* 'rejoices' to run his course, when he plunges westward to the horizon, so widely red, not with clouds, but blood? And it will be red more widely yet.



Happy Child:
By H. Lebasque.

A TALK ABOUT CHILDREN

Whatever drought of the early and latter rain may be, there will be none of that red rain. You fortify yourselves, you arm yourselves against it in vain; the enemy and avenger will be upon you also, unless you learn that it is not out of the mouths of the knitted gun, or the smoothed rifle, but 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' that the strength is ordained, which shall 'still the enemy and avenger.' "From "Work" in "A Crown of Wild Olives."

To illustrate Mr. Ruskin's wonderful presentation of the inherent beauty of child character we have selected four famous pictures of American children by American artists. The first one is William M. Chase's portrait of his little daughter, Mary Content. A lovelier exposition of John Ruskin's ideal of childhood it would be difficult to find—a child shall be modest, then faithful, loving, generous and cheerful. Each characteristic seems to be embodied in the exquisite sketch this artist has made of his own child and all her characteristics are set forth with the brush of the distinguished painter and the loving understanding of the sympathetic parent.

A second picture is Ben Ali Haggin's painting, also of his own daughter, Margaret Lee—a lovely presentation of picturesque, vital childhood, a picture which has been eagerly accepted by the public who appreciate the value of child portraits. The charming simplicity of this little figure, the sweet innocence of the face, the lovely reticence of manner, all warrant the presence of this portrait as an illustration of any discourse about the beauty of childhood.

Robert Henri's portrait of Mr. Lloyd Roberts' little daughter, Patricia, has become so famous in America that she has been nicknamed the "Henri baby." Although so very little and so very helpless she has traveled all over the United States and special requests are often sent to have this baby at important loan exhibitions. Patricia is almost too nebulous to be identified with John Ruskin's long lists of baby virtues, but in her eager little face, her clear sincere eyes, and her sprightly expression one imagines the virtues which will be hers in later days.

Wilhelm Funk's portrait of little Ann Seton is a beautiful and interesting illustration. It, too, has been sent out by request and exhibited at many large exhibitions. It is painted in the old English way of presenting childhood subjects. It is rich in coloring and exquisite in composition. Those who know the portrait or the original would not question its right to illustrate Ruskin's lecture.

THE NEW RUSSIAN STAGE, A BLAZE OF COLOR: WHAT THE GENIUS OF LEON BAKST HAS DONE TO VIVIFY PRODUCTIONS WHICH COMBINE BALLET, MUSIC AND DRAMA: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



N what unexpected and extraordinary altars does the flame of Russian genius glow, burning with varying lights—rose, orange, pure white, or sending out black sinister clouds that choke and terrify—Tolstoy, in snowy peasant garb, advocating peace and touching raw passions that quivered into cruel disturbances; Gorky, loving the lowest of the suffering peasants and presenting them with fiery pen to the horror of the world; Tchaikovsky, transfusing the primitive folk music with his own joy, sorrow, tragedy, humor, love, until the simple wild songs of the people gleamed across the continent; Aronson, with a gentle soul and cynical chisel injecting into stone all the emotions of youth and age, a record of beauty and sorrow, and the inexorable mark of the undisciplined, over-governed race.

The somber Orléneff preaches the gospel of the people in sinister drama, a genius for self sacrifice, a genius for reform, poor, unbeautiful, merciless to himself, to his ruler; Nazimova, great and weak, beautiful and undisciplined, has given America a special vision of suffering Russia; singing that has poured out of Russian hearts has sent its echo over the whole musical world; Russian drama we know, gay, tragic, always with the heart of the people in it, always with the cruelty of the over-lord saturating it, vividly presented, drama that is so close to life that only genius can transfuse it into art; and then dancing from the beginning of the Russian days, dancing everywhere among the people, dancing in the most beautiful theaters, and dancing, at last combined with drama, with music and enriched by the color genius of the world, Bakst—an orgy of rainbows that is making the Ballet Russe the most vivid, emotional, decorative spectacle of the world today.

Léon Bakst, this master of color, poet and music lover and genius for expressing beauty, is coming to America, and through the winter season practically all of the large cities of this country will have an opportunity of seeing the Russian Ballet costumed by Léon Bakst. He will be in New York to superintend the first production, and it is possible that he will be present at the opening of this marvelous spectacle in various western cities. It is a pity that there is no phrase by which one can fully express the amazing beauty that Bakst has given to the dance-drama, because it is not merely dancing,

COLOR AND LEON BAKST

merely anything; he has produced such extraordinary vividness and brilliancy, such new line in costume and scenery, such musical combination of color that he has transformed stage setting and costumes.

Europe has heard for years, and America vaguely, of the Diaghileff Imperial Ballet Russe. In fact, both Paris and London have had opportunities of realizing just what this Imperial Ballet meant, and are at present reconstructing the old idea that ballet dancing was the whirl of a gauze skirt and the lifting of a light body on a miracle of a toe; that may be involved, too, but Serge de Diaghileff, who is the originator and the director of the modern Russian Ballet, has done for this form of emotional art what Wagner has done for the opera. And his Ballet which we shall see in America this winter is not merely dancing which shows great technique and physical mastery, but a most brilliant combination and exposition of the silent drama, of emotional music culled from rich repertoires and the magnificent setting and richness of costume born under the genius of Bakst, more beautiful than anything hitherto produced by the most beauty loving civilizations of which we have any record.

WHAT music has been gathered together, what poetry added to the music, what grace and color combined in the twelve drama-dances which will be shown this winter! Diaghileff has sought for his ballets music among the most eminent composers, classic and modern; the dances "Carnaval" and "Papillons" move to lovely pieces of Schumann, transcribed for the orchestra. For "La Spectre de la Rose" he gives us Berlioz's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation à la Valse;" for "Les Sylphides," the moonlight dance-music of Chopin has been selected. On the elusive fancies of Debussy will rest "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," Russian music has been selected for "Schéhérazade," and for the Indian ballet, "Le Dieu Bleu," the music has been written by the famous Parisian composer Hahn.

There is a limitless variety to the scenes which will be presented in these drama-dances. In "Pétrouchka," a Russian fair is unfolded in a whimsical tale of jealous puppets; "Narcisse" recounts the old legend of the Greek youth who preferred his own beauty to the love of women; "Le Dieu Bleu" is an exotic tale of Hindu gods, monsters and devoted loves; in "Thamar" is told the Russian legend of the queen who lured her lovers to a tower, there to slay them; "Schéhérazade" is, of course, the old Arabian Nights story.

"Les Sylphides" is the very poetry of dancing, and the episodes from "Prince Igor," while portraying the most exquisite quality of poetical motion, are wild and barbaric in expression. There is a



TWO STUDIES OF THAMAR KARSAVINA
in "Le Spectre de la Rose," which she will dance in
the United States this winter: The music for this
lovely fairy-like ballet is Berlioz's arrangement of
Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

Nijinsky dances with her with exquisite poetical invention: Mme. Karsavina is in the full flush of youth and plastic charm: Added to her technical perfection she has grace of imagination and a fine ardor of impersonation in all her drama dances.

THE COSTUMES FOR
Mme. Karsavina in "Le
Spectre de la Rose" were
designed by Léon Bakst:
When contrasted with the
picturesque Oriental brilliancy and unique outline of
the Bakst costumes in
"Schéhérazade" and "Le
Dieu Bleu" one realizes
something of the genius of
this master of color and outline:
Karsavina's gentle,
old-fashioned beauty is in-
terestingly accented in this
type of costume.

DANCING WITH KARSAVINA in the most beautiful of the drama dances is Warslav Nijinsky: He is shown at the right in the costume designed by Bakst for "Narcisse": Nijinsky is not only a dancer of consummate perfection but has the imagination and the fire which enable him to infuse into every spectacle in which he is presented a fresh beauty and sensuous charm: Nijinsky is regarded in Europe as a creative artist, as well as a dancer of subtle grace.



Photographs
Copyrighted
by the
Berlin
Photographic
Company.



THAMAR KAR-SAVINA in "Narcisse" a drama dance which evokes the still beauty of the old Greek legends and the wildness of the Greek orgy: The music for "Narcisse" was written by Tchérepnine, the Russian conductor-composer: The costumes and the scenery were all designed by Léon Bakst.



LYDIA SOKOLOVA in the costume of a Russian peasant dance: One of the most beautiful members of the Ballet Russe and a dancer of rare skill.



AT THE LEFT IS SHOWN A BRILLIANT costume designed by Léon Bakst for the ballet "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," one of the most interesting drama dances of Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe.

The music for this lovely dancing fantasy is from Debussy's "Prélude": This ballet was practically the first presented in Paris and was received at first with laughter and afterward proclaimed the joy of the Parisian public.

Copyrighted
by the
Berlin
Photographic
Company.

ONE OF THE MOST picturesque costumes designed by Léon Bakst for the Eunuch in "Schéhérazade," the most brilliant of the Oriental ballets to be seen this winter: It is an interesting fact that the music for "Schéhérazade" is Rimsky - Korsakov's glowing symphonic suite: A wonderful background for the Arabian Nights.

IN THE BALLET RUSSE

lovely phantom love story told in "Le Spectre de la Rose;" and again pure dancing is shown in "Le Pavillon d'Armide." In these drama-dances every variety of splendid primitive emotion surges through channels of modern, arresting, magical, beauty.

Although the *ensemble* of the company is so extraordinary through the magical welding of scenery and costume, the individual members of each cast are allowed the fullest personal expression. The value of this has been richly expressed by a New England critic in his description of "the vivid and pungent miming of Bolm; the youthful grace and charm of the dreamy Massin; the spontaneous finesse of the veteran Cecchetti; and the mingling of personal beauty, pure artistry and sense of the imaginary scene and character that distinguishes the danseuses. Yet, at bottom, the magic of the Ballet Russe—the magic that will make it something new, strange and wonderful to the American stage—is a magic of *ensemble*. When it deploys its full forces in the anguorous and misty beauty of 'Les Sylphides' it summons a flawless and poetized vision. It dances through 'Carnaval' and 'Papillons' and fills the theater with the atmosphere of romantic fantasy. In the scenes from 'Prince Igor' it leaps and whirls as in primeval strength and barbaric prowess. In 'Narcisse' it evokes equally the still beauty of old Greek legend and the wildness of old Greek orgy. In 'Le Pavillon d'Armide' it is reborn into eighteenth century graces, elegance and fancy. An hour later, the stage glows with the exotic illusion of the Indian legend of 'Le Dieu Bleu' or quivers with the sensuous excitements of 'Thamar.' To them may succeed the racy folk-life and the gay whimsies of 'Petrouchka' or the Oriental savagery of 'Schéhérazade.' In all these ballets each dancer has a clear individuality, yet each is a plastic and almost molten part of the whole. The vitality, the variety, the wealth of illusion are superb.

"THE scenic backgrounds against which these ballets move and the manifold costumes that clothe them are an essential part of this beauty and power of illusion. In America eyes know the force of Bakst's line, the glow of his color, the bold sweep of his brush, the range and richness of his pictorial imagination. But to see them, as we have hitherto, in sketches only was to see them in miniature and lifeless. His designs are work for the theater and they do not come into vital being and full suggestion until they are wrought upon the stage. There, and only there, belong the somber magnificence of his setting of 'Schéhérazade,' the massed color and the fantastic detail of his India of 'Le Dieu Bleu'; the vague and vaporous beauty of his hillside for the faun, the endless

An early Victorian costume designed by Léon Bakst for the ballet "Papillon."



COLOR AND LEON BAKST

opulence of his color that floods 'Narcisse' or the barbaric and ominous tower in which *Thamar* waits her prey. These settings are pictures such as our stage has hardly seen; they are backgrounds, too, against which the dancers are vivid or into which they seem to melt; but most of all, they summon and heighten the spirit and the atmosphere of the mimed drama or the unrolled vision. And those who have seen the fiery glow or the diaphanous loveliness of the Ballet Russe know how much of this twofold beauty springs from the costumes that Bakst has designed for it. Other backgrounds and other dresses from younger hands are decorative in the new manner of the European theater, enriched with Russian warmth of color and play of fancy."

IN a recent interview with Léon Bakst in London he traced the development of this modern Russian magnificent dance-drama

most vividly: "I think," he says, "we can say there are three stages in modern choreography. First, the one made by Isadora Duncan, which was a return to the Greek and pagan; the second, by Fokine, which was a composite of the pagan and the Russian; and the third, made by Nijinsky and his great rival and colleague, Miaschine, which has the mystic for its *motif*; for the Russian soul, ever seeking and ever restless, never limited and never lying still, keeps searching for the one tendency which is always dear to it—mysticism.

"This modern strain of mysticism in the ballet first suggested itself, though timidly, in the mind of Nijinsky, whom I consider the great genius of the ballet of the future. Inspired by me at first in the sensuous and pagan, he began with those tendencies which he showed in the ballet of the 'Afternoon of a Faun.'

"Personally I have always looked forward to a return of art to its cradle, that is to say, to the archaic art of the people. The archaic art is young in form and a seeker of all art, and when one is not too much weakened by over-civilization one can always find inspiration from the fountain spring of archaic art.

An early Victorian costume designed by Léon Bakst for the ballet "Papillon."



IN THE BALLET RUSSE

These ideas inspired Nijinsky and Miassine in most of their work.

"But the restless Russian soul did not rest here. The entire form of the ballet may be looked at as on the design of a picture, but to stop there would be to let the ballet remain a superficial art, a younger brother of the other arts. For a long time the idea came to me to render the ballet equal in importance to the other arts. That is, I felt that it could hold within it the thoughts and feelings which trouble our soul and which we express in the other arts. Last year I attempted to put the idea into practice, in arranging the ballet of 'Joseph,' where the subjects were mostly mystical. This attempt, and especially as it was interpreted—for Miassine came out frankly with the idea that the ballet should be something entirely mystic—made me feel sure that a step still further can be made in the art of choreography, and that it could at last be placed on a par with painting, music and literature.

"I have often noticed that in each color of the prism there exists a gradation which sometimes expresses frankness and chastity, sometimes sensuality and even bestiality, sometimes pride, sometimes despair. This can be felt and given over to the public by the effect one makes of the various shadings. That is what I tried to do in 'Schéhérazade.' Against a lugubrious green I put a blue full of despair, paradoxical as it may seem.

"There are reds which are triumphal and there are reds which assassinate. There is a blue which can be the color of a St. Madeleine, and there is a blue of a Messalina. The painter who knows how to make use of this, the director of the orchestra who can with one movement of his baton put all this in motion, without crossing them, who can let flow the thousand tones from the end of his stick without making a mistake, can draw from the spectator the exact emotion which he wants him to feel.

"It is in line as well as in color that I make my emotions. In 'Thamar,' in 'Narcissus,' in 'Antar,' I sought to bring out in the costumes the plastic ideas which correspond to ideas in literature. It is in the lines of the costume itself as well as in the decoration and ornaments I put on it that I carry out unity of line. Sometimes I bring out the purely mystic in the stage setting, as in d'Annunzio's 'St. Sébastien,' which I produced last year. Because the subject matter was essentially Christian, I used the cross in a thousand variations, for the basis of my linear ornamentation, not only disguised and hidden in the costumes and accessories and ornaments in the beautiful play of d'Annunzio, but even in the lines of the landscape and buildings of the scenery. My method is generally to take a simple *motif* and vary it indefinitely, so as to create a harmony of color and line."



Graceful costume
designed by
Léon Bakst for
the ballet
"Daphnis et
Chloé."

COLOR AND LEON BAKST

ONE can best understand from these words of Bakst, how completely he has poured the fire of his genius into this work of enveloping the modern dance-drama in color, and expressing it in line that will supplement for the audience all the beauty that lies in motion and music. Nijinsky, whom Bakst speaks of in his London interview, will head the Ballet Russe in America and with him is Karsavina—the two greatest exponents of the modern fluent ballet in the world. Nijinsky is distinguished by beauty, strength, flawless technique, grace and rare agility, and in addition he possesses imagination and invention—the imagination to see the association of motion with all other plastic beauty and the invention to increase the opportunity to express its beauty. Karsavina, whose dancing seems inextricably interwoven with Nijinsky's, is so young and lovely, possesses so much charm of mind and soul and beauty that it is impossible to speak of her art without dwelling for a moment on her exquisite personality. She appeals to the affection as well as to the imagination, and the range of her art is as great as the versatility of her delicate and vivid individuality. In "Le Spectre de la Rose" she is a timid dreaming girl; in "Thamar" a brilliant, dangerous, Oriental princess. Her poetry in one is as delicate and evanescent as the tremendous impact of her sensuous beauty in the other.

It is not alone as a designer of rich and varied scenery that is wholly new in conception and expression, it is not merely as the great costumer of this generation, it is not only as an artist whose every line is a source of inspiration to dramatic expression that Bakst is of vital importance to the world today. If not greater than these points of interest, at least equal to them, is the influence that he has had on the color sense of the entire world. He has practically revolutionized stage setting in tone as well as line in Russia, France, slightly in England and already in America. As he has said in his interview, every color carries special advantages, vital insinuating impressions, and not merely one impression, but every tone and every color is significantly sensuous and powerful to reach the imagination and stir responses immensely stimulating, immensely mellowing.

Bakst will not compromise in the use of color, either it is one of the most tremendous influences on the stage today and should be understood and used to the fullest power of its influence, to the fullest force, or we, according to this dramatist in color; may as well return to the shadow stage of the early Victorian period. We have all of us realized the power of music to stir the nature of man to good or

Costume designed
by Léon Bakst
for the dance-
drama "Daphnis
et Chloé."





THE COSTUME OF "LE FIANCEE" designed by Léon Bakst for "Le Dieu Bleu," an Indian ballet for which the music was composed by Hahn, the Parisian musician: The massed color and the fantastic detail of "Le Dieu Bleu" perhaps transcends in sumptuousness the costuming of any ballet seen in New York.

This Hindu legend is elaborated by John Cocteau and de Madrazo: The music is the most sensuous in tone and feeling, interestingly intimate to the vivid coloring seen in the Hindu legend.



A SECOND DESIGN for "Le Dieu Bleu" by Léon Bakst, one of the most exotic costumes for the Indian legend, which glows with color, mysterious contrast and vitality of motion.

In studying these drawings one realizes that whether Bakst is presenting a character in a tender or a vigorous mood his work possesses an aesthetic value which will eventually be heightened by its historical importance.



A BALLET OF BARBARIC BEAUTY and sinister power is "Thamar": At the left is the costume of the servant for this play, designed by Léon Bakst.

The music for this sumptuous performance is Balakirev's like-named tone-poem, which with the dancing and costumes form a picture of endless opulence and almost savage splendor.

When one studies the extraordinary mastery of color and beauty of line in these Bakst costumes, one realizes that never before has New York seen performances wrought with equal magic, magnificence and vitality of illusion: It is the new art of the theater associated with the new drama dance.

MOST ECCENTRIC of all the designs for "Le Dieu Bleu" is shown at the right: It is the Indian Fakir also designed by Léon Bakst: Even in the black and white reproduction something of the fire and magic of Bakst is shown.

It is said that in "Le Dieu Bleu" will be seen the greatest variation of costume and color of any of the ballet dramas.



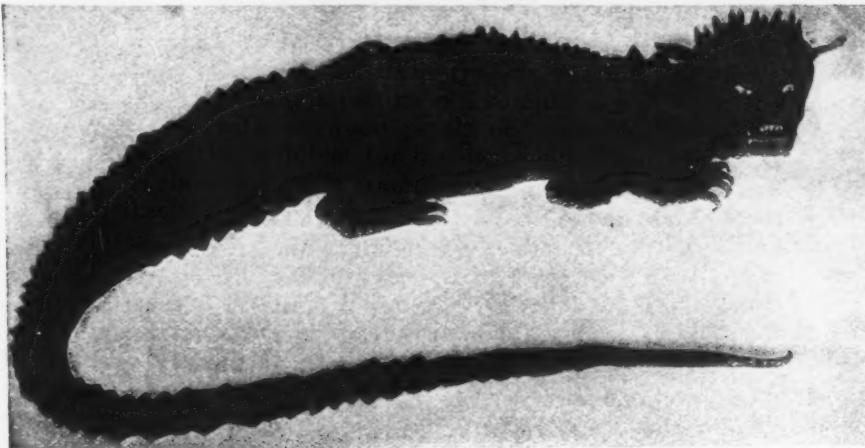
Copyrighted
by the
Berlin
Photographic
Company.

COLOR AND LEON BAKST

evil, to joy or sorrow; we have accepted the reality of the perfume of a flower to more than give delicate, aesthetic pleasure, actually to attack the nerves to excitability or repose; sunlight and shade can stimulate the imagination, the capacity for happiness or produce depression and almost physical illness; but very few of us have dared to accept color as a terrific, mysterious, searching power cutting through the emotions, and attacking the vital energies of life. We have occasionally regarded red as dangerous, scientifically we have been interested in the various color rays, but a little skeptical at long range; we have accepted vogues in colors and superficially attributed varying significance to blue, or purple; but it is only within the past few years that the mysterious force as well as beauty of color has been recognized, and not only the effect of color upon the nervous organization, but the extraordinary reaction of one color upon another whereby half-tones of interest, a shadow-land of new emotions are produced.

But there has been no halfway course in the attitude of Léon Bakst. Color is life in his vocabulary and all reactions of colors are more opportunities for producing a splendid variety of beauty, reaching out to the imagination and pouring through the emotions. He not only is a past master in his understanding of the influence of each color and shade of color, but in the contrast between sumptuous and delicate colors, between richness of line and empty spaces—the very contrast of color in temperament. He has the subtlety of a philosopher, the intuition of the poet, and the profound adaptability of the Slavic temperament which reaches eagerly for all human experience, for all joy, all sorrow, all richness, all tenderness. Indeed, in seeing one of Bakst's productions it seems as though through color

(Continued on page 322)



The dragon in
"Le Dieu Bleu"
designed by
Léon Bakst.

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY: BY DR. KARL MUCK, CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

This is the opinion expressed by Dr. Karl Muck when asked if he felt that America was headed toward an ideal musical state. Dr. Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which has been called the greatest orchestra in the world, does not take a sentimental attitude about music in America. He is too great an artist to express any point of view about music except that born of serious conviction.



"MUSIC loving people! Why not—living in such a marvelous country, a country that should be the source of splendid inspiration for every art. It is different in Europe; the inspiration is not needed. Music continues and thrives in the Old World because it is a part of the existence of the people. They are all brought up with music in their homes and in their schools. They know it as they know their A B C's, they do not have to seek new and tremendous inspiration— influences powerful enough to cut a channel through prevailing interests.

"But in America you did not start with music when you were a young nation; in a way, you did not start as a young nation at all. It always seems to me that this country began life as a *youth*, not a *child*. Usually the beginning of music is in the infancy of the nation, when there are no conventional boundaries to the emotions, when the people crave some rich expression for their vital interests, when all of life is activity, spontaneity, and when people are not shut away from nature's storehouse of inspiration, when they are looking up to the sky, out to the woods hourly, when each day takes them down pathways that are full of beauty and fragrance which must have expression in ballad or chant, in the dance of the warrior or the song of the lover.

"America has had no long, slow centuries of simple, primitive existence. Her early struggles were not the old battles of warriors over maidens or of nations seeking to possess each other's hunting grounds and pleasure places. From the start you were more conventional, more grown up. People came from other worlds who were not happy and settled in America with their own specialized ways, with their own social attitude and religion all ready-made. If they fought battles it was against the aborigines whose land they needed; it was not to protect ancient homes and traditional art. This way was essential but not so picturesque, and it started your nation past the time of early thrilling days of romance, in which music and poetry has time to take deep roots into the hearts of the people.

"When art comes early in the life of a nation it is the expression of that people's emotional interest in beauty. When it comes later, and civilization is full-fledged, it is born of a conventional appreciation

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

of the world's standards of beauty. The early music wells up out of great love, great joy, great splendid response to nature. In the later life of a nation, art comes from an appreciation of what it adds to life, from a sense of its decorative importance. In other words, one is born of an emotion and one of an idea. Wagner, strangely enough, combined both the traditional and the modern point of view in his music. He had the great idea of a new religion for the world, a religion that could no longer be held in the grasp of the gods, that must be reborn through the splendor and tragedy of human love and sacrifice. In the music of Strauss you feel the pounding of a great idea, you feel suddenly that he is breaking down conventional barriers that have held people away from the intoxication and joy of music. Beethoven had the great idea of bringing close to the people all pastoral beauty from the beginning of days. Whatever has been joyous in pastoral lives, whatever has been sad or thrilling or tender or peaceful Beethoven has reproduced for the world's joy and strength.

"**I**N America, I should say, you will have for your later day music the *great idea of democracy, of freedom for all the people*.

This idea is expressed in the very quality of the western landscape, in the freedom, vastness, the titanic grandeur, the unoccupied beautiful spaces; all these things speak of liberty, boundless opportunity. Who that has ever seen the Grand Canyon at sunset or in the moonlight, or those great limitless plains veiled in rose and violet and the mellowing gray of twilight can fail to be profoundly impressed, richly influenced? Such beauty and vastness must liberate the spirit, and the free spirit must eventually express something of the force that has opened the windows of its soul.

"Already your painters have found the West and have brought back some of its beauty on canvas, but as yet, I have heard no poetry that repeats to me the story of sunrise in the West, no music that gives me of the yellow lights and the purple shadows that stream down that deep canyon, varied from day to day, and forever lovely.

"You ask me what is the difficulty.

"It is not that you do not love music in America—few individuals in the world are more liberal than the American man or woman who seeks to bring music to this country, but as yet you have not stopped long enough to cherish the birth of great art here. It seems to me that you are constantly putting it off to the future. You say, 'Some day we will have art in America, we can have it whenever we want it.' So far we have had everything that we wanted. We are busy just now, we have not yet all the money we want.' And truly you have the great genius for making money; but you appear too busy to

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

use it; at least, to use it in a way that seems most valuable to me. You do buy many, many things that enable you to get about quickly, not only things that will make your homes beautiful but things that will enable you to get away from your homes—swifter steamers, swifter railroads, swifter motor cars. It is a nation hurrying from one generation to another, one century to another, seeking always means of haste, pressing past with an ideal of haste rather than some definite goal.

"Isn't it just as good to stop today as to-morrow, to spend beautiful leisure in your beautiful homes, into which to bring beautiful art? This is the lovely present I wish for America. I want leisure now for your music, your painters want it for art, your young geniuses want it for poetry. Stop now and make this the greatest century America has ever known for the birth of great national art.

"How would I suggest doing this? I have already said that you should seek your inspiration in your own land, in the splendor and beauty of it, teach your children how beautiful your own land is, and in connection with that, in every school in America teach your children all the beautiful music that the greatest musicians of the world have produced. Have every school one rich chorus, have children sing out all the joy and love of their young hearts; they want to do it, they do not want to bend over their desks every minute, they do not want to study every minute, they want to express something of what youth is, what they feel life to be. You will have no difficulty in establishing choruses in your public schools. All youth has music in its heart, let it pour out in tremendous volumes in every school in America. Beyond this, if you have the time, and I should say make the time, let every school have its orchestra. I do not believe there is a school in America that would not furnish you talent for an orchestra. Let the choruses work with the orchestra, and let children feel that it is a great honor to play in the orchestra. Oh, you cannot think what this would do for the happiness of youth, for the production of art in this country, what channels it would furnish for genius to express itself in the coming generation. And suddenly you will find that you *are* this musical nation that you have talked about, and no one will ever ask again how it can be done and why Americans are not creating music. You will find barriers that have stood in front of genius drop away, you will find that music will reach the homes.

"**I**T is hopeless to attempt to do anything for middle age. No nation has ever developed art through its grown-up people. It has developed much enjoyment, much culture, it has shown appreciation of art, as America has done, for there is an ever increas-



From a Photograph by Geis

DR. KARL MUCK, conductor of
the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"MISSOURI'S PRIMA DONNA" IS what the people of that State love to call charming Felice Lyne: Miss Lyne created a sensation in London several seasons ago at Covent Garden, where she sang on short notice: Last season Miss Lyne made an extensive tour of this country and also sang in Hawaii.

As a member of the Boston Opera Company this year, she is winning unusual success in the various cities visited by the organization, her delineation of the role of the Princess Elvira in Auber's "La Muta di Portici," calling forth the enthusiastic praise of all who hear her.



ALICE NIELSEN'S IS A name which stands for progress: She was first known to the musical audiences of this country as a singer of light opera, and was for a time prima donna soprano of the Bostonians, that famous organization.

From that she graduated to grand opera, and has sung as a member of the Boston, Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies: She has also filled many concert and recital engagements: Her picture is shown above.



A FAVORITE WITH CONCERT audiences is William Wade Hinshaw, the baritone: Mr. Hinshaw, who was formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has an extensive repertoire embracing works in German, French and Italian, and is equally well known as a singer of oratorio: He was at the head of the vocal department of the Chautauqua Institution last summer.

Mr. Hinshaw sang the role of Corvain at the première of Horatio Parker's prize opera "Fairyland," which was performed last summer in Los Angeles.

AMONG THE YOUNGER SINGERS OF THIS country Florence Hinkle occupies a position as one of the favorites: During the past three years she has appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra no less than twelve times and is re-engaged for this season: Another re-engagement is with the Philadelphia Orchestra, with which she has sung many times.

Miss Hinkle will be the leading soprano in Mahler's Eighth Symphony, which will be given for the first time in America in March, 1916, by the Philadelphia Orchestra in their home city: Having appeared at the Cincinnati May Festival, Miss Hinkle is engaged for four concerts at the May Festival to be held in that city in 1916: And so the list might continue.



CLARENCE WHITEHILL, the eminent American baritone, is a concert and operatic singer whose work has earned him an important place among our native singers.

He is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, his best roles being Wotan in "The Ring" cycle, Wolfram in "Tannhauser" and Amfortas in "Parsifal": At the performance of "Apollo," given by the Bohemian Club at Redwood Grove, Cal., last summer, Mr. Whitehill did splendid work in the title role.



AN AMERICAN BARITONE who has won a high position for himself on two continents is Charles W. Clark: For many years a resident of Paris, Mr. Clark firmly established himself as a singer of merit and a teacher of unusual talent: A year or two ago Mr. Clark returned to America, where he is heard in concert frequently: His picture is shown above.

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

ing love of good music in this country, an ever growing audience for grand opera and for symphony concerts, but that is not what you are asking about in America. You want your own musical life, you want your own musical geniuses, men who will have a vision of what music should be in this country, who will see straight into the hearts of the people, who will produce their aspirations, their longings, their love of beauty, who will have the great idea for music from American inspiration, the music of the democracy—the music of the free people.

"I do not mean for a moment that there is no music in the American school, but there should be music in every school—in the public schools, the private schools, the colleges, the universities, and always the best. I do not in the least believe in popular music for the masses; I do not believe there is such a thing as *good* popular music. I think what you call here your ragtime, is poison. It poisons the very source of your musical growth, for it poisons the taste of the young. You cannot poison the spring of art and hope for a fresh clear stream to flow out and enrich life.

"From the very start I should say, give your young people the best music the world has ever known of every land. It will not lessen their ability to create native music. No good art ever hurts or lessens the power to produce any other valuable art. Art is a long history of great progress, but it is a connected history, and by giving good music to your young people here, from Germany, from France, from every known source, you are only opening up their interest, their need of music, their capacity to produce music, and when they finally reach the point where they long to create they will seek native sources of inspiration if they have the real art. But if you pollute the spring, if you poison the beginning of musical source, you will find the power for creation is atrophied, and the small stream which forces its way out will be muddied and soiled and unbeautiful.

"You ask me how the American nation shall produce its own music. I say to you from the bottom of my heart that it shall at once cease to train its children with what is called the popular music. By this I do not mean for an instant that the primitive music of a nation is not the rich, resourceful, inspiring thing; the folk music of all lands has been the beginning of musical development and musical culture, the joy of the people and the foundation on which the widest musical culture has rested. But such music as you are producing in America today for the cabaret and the second-rate musical comedy is not folk music. It is just the expression of a restless desire of the people for excitement, for change, for intoxication, which is not improving from year to year, from generation to generation; it is only changing, meeting various emotional whims of the people.

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

You have new music because you want new dances or you want more excitement. This cannot become the source of inspiration for the development of a musical nation. You ask me frankly and I tell you frankly.

"One instance came to my notice in regard to the deadly influence of the ragtime music which I will cite to show the invidious effect it may have even on people whose first impulse is toward the right thing. I dined one evening with a family devoted to the interests of Symphony music. They had been subscribers for years. After the dinner I was very tired and strolled in the library alone to rest for a moment. To my astonishment I saw a music machine in one corner of the room. I said possibly they may have some records of good music and singers, and so glanced over the records. Then, to my horror I discovered that they were of the most deadly, vulgar ragtime music; not only was the music of the worst character, but in some instances there were records of vulgar *café chantant* songs, a collection of all the things that it seemed to me the real music lover would be opposed to. It was a terrible shock to me. I felt as though I had lost friends. I wondered how much I was to blame for it. How was it possible that I could have put into my work in the Symphony my heart and soul and most earnest desire for the best results from such work and then find that among those I had counted upon as true friends and music lovers, there was this deadly interest in the vulgar fad of the day? I realized how much there was to work against, how much to overcome before this country, with all the opportunity in the world, would really become a musical nation.

"Not only should you seek the best music for your children, but give them the best teachers, always the best teachers. If you want your children to love poetry, you do not give them some poor little verse, some bit of popular doggerel, you turn back to Shakespeare, to Goethe, to Racine; you give them the wealth of the world. If you wish them to recite poetry you seek some great master of the dramatic arts, so that all the fulness of the meaning of the creator reaches them. You must do the same in music. You must have them taught by the man who knows and loves music, who can win a response from them, who can direct them and encourage them.

"The best music in the world is of no avail for children with a poor teacher. Everything must be of the best if we wish the best results. Seek good music in simple form and music lovers as instructors. What would we think of a gardener who planted seeds in poor soil because the poor soil was economical or easy to get or because people were accustomed to using poor soil? The good gardener seeks

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

the best soil for just the kind of growth he desires, and then he knows just how to plant the seed and how to care for the little plant and how to cultivate his garden for the best and beautiful results. Surely it is necessary to cultivate music as wisely as a garden. And so I say once more that you cannot cultivate a love for Beethoven *via* ragtime."

Dr. Muck spoke very wisely and logically on the question of the wisdom of endowing music in America. "Undoubtedly," he said, "it would be better for a democratic people to produce and to support their own music. It would be more in line with their ideals. But what will you?"

"As yet the people do not seem willing to make the effort to support grand opera and symphony concerts. The question resolves itself into this. If you do not endow these institutions you cannot have this music. If you wish the music at this present stage of your civilization, it must be endowed. So far as I am aware no musical institution of any description is supported by State or government in America. The only endowments that are made are individual and those in some instances are lavish to a degree. In New York your grand opera is supported by subscription and frequently by additional endowment as well—always personal. This is true of every grand opera in America. It is also true, so far as I am able to state, of the symphony orchestra. I know it is true of the New York Symphony, of the Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and so on indefinitely.

"And right here it is important to note that the interest in the symphony orchestra is spreading. It is no small matter for America to realize that there is a successful symphony orchestra in Seattle as well as in San Francisco, Chicago and so on toward the East. But these orchestras are not supported by the voluntary contributions of the mass of people. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is practically the gift to the people of one great music lover, Mr. Higginson. It is Mr. Higginson who has made it possible for the Boston Symphony to work without joining the music union, so that it is an absolutely free institution. And in this free country I find that the trade unions do not always leave the people quite free either in the arts or crafts. I think that if you are not careful, through them you will greatly mar musical opportunity and you will possibly kill the development of craft work.

"A short time ago a carpenter came to do some work for me in my house in Boston and I actually had to tell him how to do his own work, for I am proud of the fact that I am a good carpenter. I learned it in my youth, as I did many other simple, practical things.

(Continued on page 327.)

THE INN OF THE BELLS: A PLACE OF CONTENTMENT



HEN the Spanish priests were devoutly establishing a chain of missions in the new land of soft breezes out by the "quiet sea," their sandaled feet blazed an almost invisible trail through the thick fragrant carpet of golden poppies that was spread over the great central valley of California. That path, a chain of flower gold connecting the missions, under the tread of advancing civilization was beaten into a narrow, dusty road and is now commemorated by the wide El Camino Real, a magnificently built State road that follows the first flower trail.

When this great highway was but a dusty road, the Mission Fathers, the Indians and the pioneers who followed in their lead used often to stop for a rest, a good meal and a visit, at a little adobe cabin not far from the detour in the road made to include San Fernando mission. A woman lived in that lonesome little house known and beloved the length of the new land for her sweet and generous hospitality. No matter what the stress of work or how meager the fare there was always a cordial welcome for the friend or the stranger within her gates.

Her sweet hospitality, her invariable kindness and thoughtful consideration is today the heart and life of the great Inn of the Bells, built around that tiny one-roomed adobe cabin by her son. Nurtured in that kindly, hospitable atmosphere, he now extends the same boundless courtesy to the hundreds and thousands of strangers who seek rest and happiness under his roof. That little adobe room is to him a shrine to the memory of his mother and for the exercise of such friendly hospitality as he remembers to have seen her invariably offer the passing wayfarer. He has built his Mission Inn, literally, about that roadside home, leaving exposed to view part of the original adobe wall carefully preserved by a sheet of glass.

Whoever passes through the great entrance arch beneath sweeping palm branches and rose vines, past luxuriantly growing big-leaved tropical plants feels as if he were entering the home of a friend instead of an inn for the accommodation of strangers. Not a hint of the cold, lonesome, commercial atmosphere that generally greets one like a pall when entering the usual large hotel. For this inn is first of all a home, then a place where people may visit while exploring the famed land of fruit and flowers.

Frank Miller, the master of this inn, is known from one end of this land to the other for he has done a unique thing, almost a miraculous thing, a thing well worth telling about. He has drawn and fused three widely different national institutions—the home, local history



THE ENTRANCE TO THE INN OF THE BELLS IS
under a campanile arch covered with ivy, and through the Court
of the Birds, brilliant blue, scarlet, yellow and white cockatoos
climb at will among the palms and tropical vines.

BUILT AFTER
the spirit of the old
Spanish and early
American missions,
this inn keeps alive
the historic associa-
tions of early
California: With
the red tiled roof,
arches, and bells in
every possible
place, it has the
charm of old
Madrid.

The great per-
sonality of Frank
A. Miller, master of
this inn, dominates
the whole place:
It is his genial,
friendly, hospitable
thoughtfulness which is felt in
every corner of this
great building, cov-
ering an entire city
block, that makes
this home for trav-
elers so out of the
ordinary.



THE ADOBE ROOM IN WHICH HIS MOTHER
first taught the spirit of hospitality is shown above: It is
now covered with concrete, though a portion of the orig-
inal wall has been left exposed to view on the inside.

THIS MANCHURIAN BELL, seven feet in height, was but recently acquired, after the temple in which it hung for many years was destroyed in the last Chinese rebellion.

One of the collection of bells housed in this inn which is regarded as the most valuable in the world: Morning, noon and night bells peal from the high towers that rise above the inn: Bells from almost every land, from the first rude gong to the latest product of bell makers' art are here to be found.



TILED WALLS, FOUNTAINS, NICHES in which are painted saints, medallions, escutcheons, coats of arms, gargoyles are everywhere to be met, in patios, towers and arched galleries.

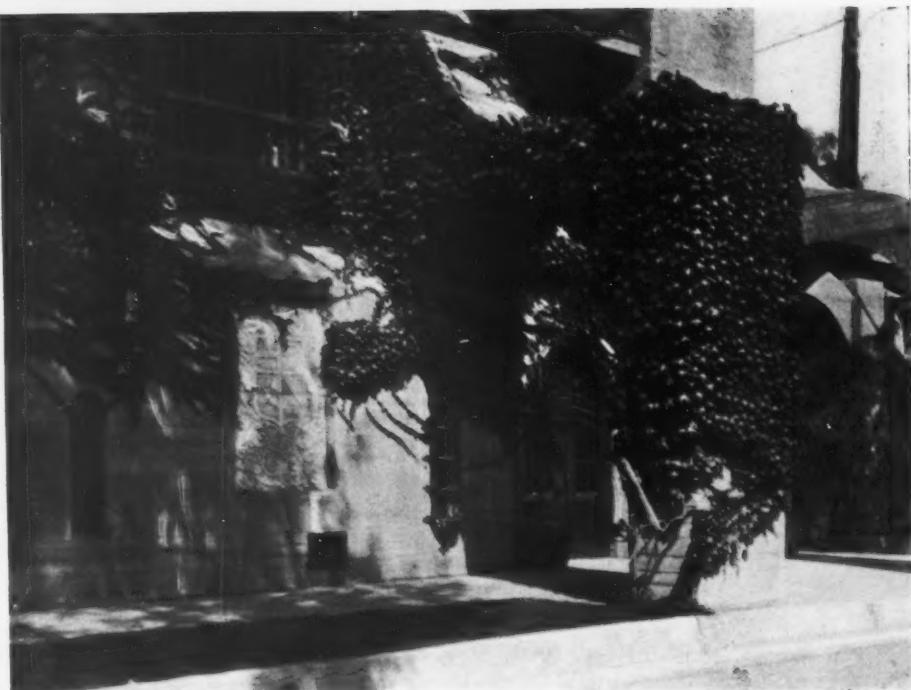
There is a trophy room in which are banners of brocade, which once hung in Spanish castles and panels from a church in the north of Spain; in the corridors are pictures showing the progress of Franciscan priests as they founded their string of missions.



AMONG THE eucalyptus, palm and pepper trees, the campanile of the Inn of the Bells rises romantic and beautiful as any in foreign lands. From the top of Mount Rubidoux, the scene of American Easter pilgrimages, this tower with its historic cross can be seen.

This inn is encircled by an arched wall covered with tropical vines: The arch which is built on the outside of the sidewalk is a wonderful addition to the civic beauty of the little city of Riverside: The brilliant parrots and macaws wander at will among the vines of these archways adding to the interest of passersby.

With vines and tropical plants, grilles and tiled roofs, this inn holds the air of an old monas-tery: The picture at the right shows one of the side entrances.



THE INN OF THE BELLS

and the hotel—in one fascinating, satisfactory center. He has established a home spirit and preserved the historic and romantic traditions of California while giving travelers a place to stay and roam about as in their own homes. Books for them to read, cozy nooks in gardens, veranda and hall in which to enjoy them, fresh fruits in abundance are all about for refreshment between meals, and flowers by the paths to be picked if desired. In every bedroom are jars of flowers, baskets of fruit, magazines and books, pictures and cozy chairs. Each room has a distinct individuality as though it belonged to some friend. There is no sense of being imprisoned in a cheerless four-walled cell that is ordinarily so deadening to the traveler. Servants move about noiselessly and almost invisibly, keeping everything immaculately clean and in perfect order with none of the noise, rush, bustle and confusion usually encountered in a large hotel.

THE first inns were temples that gave shelter and food to pilgrims on their way to some sacred shrine. Then came the caravan-series—merely unfurnished lodgings near the highways where merchants might pass the night. It was at just such an inn that Mary and Joseph sought refuge in vain upon that Holy Night so long ago, and were forced to take shelter outside—in a stable. The Roman Emperors established posting stations on all the main roads where the Imperial messengers might pass the night.

The English inns at which entertainment was given as a matter of business have played a romantic part in the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. One of the chief delights of American travelers is to visit the old English taverns, and those similar ones of Italy and France where the innkeeper received his guests as though he were the host and served them as he would a friend. Samuel Johnson said, "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves as well as at a good tavern. . . . There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Such a delightful thing could never have been said of American hotels—at least not until Frank Miller resurrected the old courteous spirit. Our hotels are so large that the entertainment of guests is usually left to servants; the old-time host is never in evidence with cordial intent. But at the Mission Inn, one of the largest and most luxuriant hotels in America, there is the same spirit that so delighted Samuel Johnson.

Mr. Miller has followed the lines of the picturesque old Spanish and American missions both in architecture and in spirit. The whole place looks as if it had been transplanted from the romantic valleys of Spain. Arches, bell towers, narrow stairways, red tile roofs, great

THE INN OF THE BELLS



The entrance court, showing the vine-covered arch of bells.

doors, huge leather chairs, old oak refectory tables, swinging iron lanterns, tiled foundations, carved grilles, gargoyles, shrines and niches holding images of the saints, silken banners and stained glass windows carry out with rare perfection the atmosphere of old Spain so associated with our early California history. There is a maze of patios, verandas, courts, cloistered walks, narrow corridors, vaulted galleries, low-ceilinged refectory rooms, all touching or leading in some amazing way with the great hall where every evening an organ is played by someone who loves to fill the place with quiet, tender, haunting melodies.

This inn is in reality a museum. Nowhere in America is such a collection of old Spanish, English and American wood carving, of furniture, pottery, tapestries, silver, wrought iron, pictures, and art objects. It is as though a beautiful old monastery had been turned into a wonderful museum and people were allowed to roam about in it at will, enjoying, studying, the world's treasures to their hearts' content.

Among the finest things in this museum is a collection of bells, the largest and most noteworthy in the whole world. The choicest of these old bells are hung in a large tower court, some in the arches of the parapet that extends around two sides of this bell court, some

THE INN OF THE BELLS

are in the campanile at one corner, others have for a background the gray walls of the main building in which are embedded ancient tiles, escutcheons, coats of arms and carved heads after the manner of the famous staircase in the Bargello Palace at Florence. This collection boasts the oldest dated bell on record—a large, bronze, sweet-toned bell, with this inscription around it: "Quintana and Salvador made me in the year of our Lord, 1247." In the Court of the Birds, which is the first or entrance court, rests a huge bronze Manchurian bell seven feet in height—but recently acquired. When the temple in which it hung for many years was destroyed by fire in the last Chinese rebellion it was brought over to this Inn of the Bells.

The bedrooms are like the guest rooms of monasteries as far as the arches, low window-seats, saints in niches, iron door knockers and latches are concerned, but there the similarity ends. Whatever is known to man's comfort has been installed—soft rugs on tile floors, warmed a little by some invisible process so that they are without the chilly atmosphere usually felt in tiled floor rooms, all the little things are in evidence that are generally only found in private homes, things that make the traveler feel at home.



One corner of the Tower of Bells which houses the greatest collection of bells in the world.

THE INN OF THE BELLS



The bedrooms hold the spirit of the monastery, but are supplied with every modern convenience.

Such inns that receive travelers as friends and guests, extending them a cheerful home welcome, that preserves local tradition by architecture and furnishings, should be the model for all American hotels. Mr. Miller has given America an invaluable object lesson as to the possibility of more perfect hotel management. He has given us a hint, prophesied as it were in this inn, the future characteristically American hotel. Born of Quaker parents, he has retained and infused their simple, wholesome principles into the management of his hostelry. His generous kindly spirit and great sympathetic heart dominate and uplift the place. What he has done for the country cannot be estimated, for he has created a center whose radiation will never cease.

We are to show in future issues of *THE CRAFTSMAN* how valuable an asset to America are such inns, where people who wish to become acquainted with the beauties of their own land can stay pleasantly for a time while exploring the neighborhood and where foreigners may gain some fair impression of the spirit of the land that they visit for the first time. Mr. Miller has re-created the historic West in his Inn of the Bells. New England, the North, South, Yosemite, the plains of Arizona, should be as truly recreated in their inns and extend as hospitable a welcome to the people of the world.

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

THREE fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honor and high surprize,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and roam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
'Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

—By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

Courtesy of John Lane Company.

COUNTRY HOMES WITHIN CITY LIMITS



HEN passenger pigeons in their marvelous spring and autumn migratory flights used to pass over New York City in blue clouds they would often pause to rest and to feed in a beautifully wooded ridge lying between what is now Van Cortlandt Park and the Hudson River. In this forest grew pokeberries, viburnums, bittersweet and myriads of flowers and grasses bearing seeds they loved so well, and a little lake was there fed by clear springs from which they could drink. Huge oak, maple, tulip trees and pines, thickets of hazel, azaleas, dogwood and barberries furnished them protective cover.

When the blue pigeons—now but a memory in the sporting world—were flying, a certain rich man who lived in New York City would make the long journey (for there were no motor cars or subways in those days) out to this enchanting grove and spend a few days with his friends in a small hunting lodge. He loved that high ridge carpeted with moss, ground pine and partridge berries, painted with wild pinks, trilliums and violets, with its views of the silver-flowing Hudson between white birch trunks or beneath dark pine boughs, and obtained the possession of it, determining to hold its beauty inviolate—for all time. The city has now burrowed and pushed its way up to the outer edge of this wild retreat, but cannot penetrate



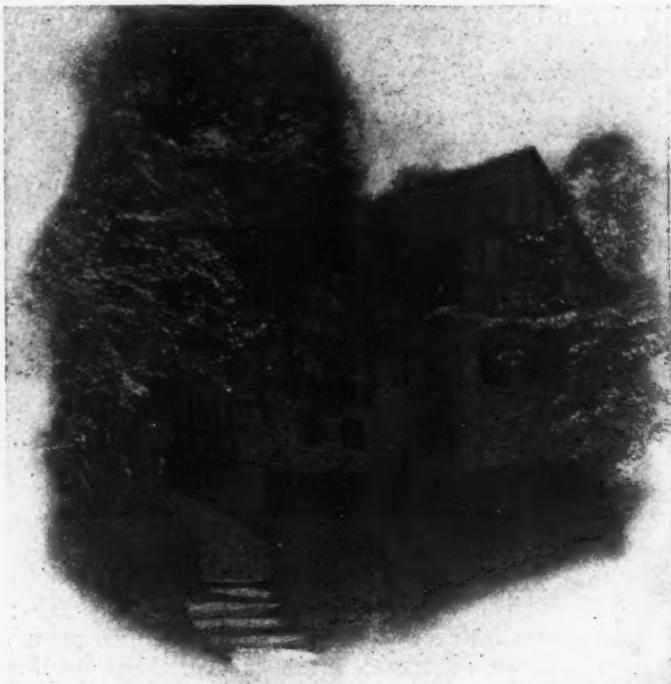
The little pool where blue pigeons drank is now part of New York City's bird sanctuary.

COUNTRY HOMES WITHIN CITY LIMITS

within. Its dust and noise, its rush and confusion are held at bay by the will of that man who insisted upon reserving it as a sanctuary for man as well as birds, trees and flowers.

Few people know that within the limits of New York City is a grove lovely as it was before man first discovered it, where dogwood and every native plant and tree grow luxuriously in their own chosen way, untrained by man. He has set aside this grove as a retreat for men who love the silence, who love to sleep within the sound of rustling leaves, yet who must spend their days in the thick of Broadway and Wall street traffic.

City and country can no more mix than oil and water, say some folk, yet in this grove the best of each has met upon the friendliest possible terms and united to furnish an ideal home for man. When man claims a plot of land for his own personal use it generally means that its beauty is destroyed. In the treatment of this wooded ridge so really notable a thing has been done that it deserves to be brought to the attention of every person interested in nature, in cities and in homes. An avaricious mind would have sold that grove for lumber, for factory sites, tenement houses or freight yard, for the city's commercial needs are pressing and an immense price could easily have been obtained. City men need homes as surely as warehouses, yet there are few places within the limits of this great city of New York



Dogwood left unmolested blooms about Fieldston homes.

COUNTRY HOMES WITHIN CITY LIMITS

that can be termed home sites—it has all been given over to commerce. Costly, expensive buildings and apartment houses line our avenues and overlook our parks where men live comfortably, happily and, more or less, contentedly. Yet these places can hardly be pointed out as ideal homes for they are not in the midst of gardens, trees do not look in at the windows, nor do birds sing soft matin songs from their nests in rose-covered doorways.

IN this grove are real homes, ideal homes, in which are established every known modern convenience. A description of the practical working plans of these houses that look as if they had grown of themselves among the trees like some permanent rocky fungi, so masterly has been their designing, would include the most perfect of heating, lighting and sanitary systems and every electrical labor saving device. When physical comfort is to be established, then the city with all its intricate knowledge of how to supply it is allowed full swing. The city is restricted and subject to strict surveillance only in matters of external beauty. Not a house can be built in these woods unless the plans have been passed by a committee. This is not to prevent individuality, to set arbitrary laws as to style of house, but to protect the community plan.

This plan is that each house must be an addition to the beauty of the *ensemble* and must look as if it belonged among the rocks and trees, as though it might have grown there of itself and put on protective coloring. Some of the houses have been built upon and around huge boulders so that they seem to pile up naturally. Rocks are not blasted away as nuisances, but are valued as they deserve to be. They often set the keynote of the whole house design and do verily indicate the exact location of site. Nearly every house has a stone foundation. In many the first story is of rocks with concrete or wood for the upper portion. In every case the rocks taken from the lot are used to connect the house in reality as well as in looks, with the country. If it is of wood the coloring is of a shade of boulder gray or leaf green or tree trunk brown or some woodsy tone that harmonizes with the coloring of the grove. The whole idea is to create an inconspicuous building instead of a glaring, unsuitable, conspicuous, showy structure.

Some of the artistic results may be seen in the photographs we are showing. It is difficult to believe that this community of forest dwellers is in New York City. They have all the appearance of being far away in some remote chain of wooded hills. In spring the dogwood flings its branches of white stars across the bedroom windows; all sorts of wild flowers spring up in the yard and in the



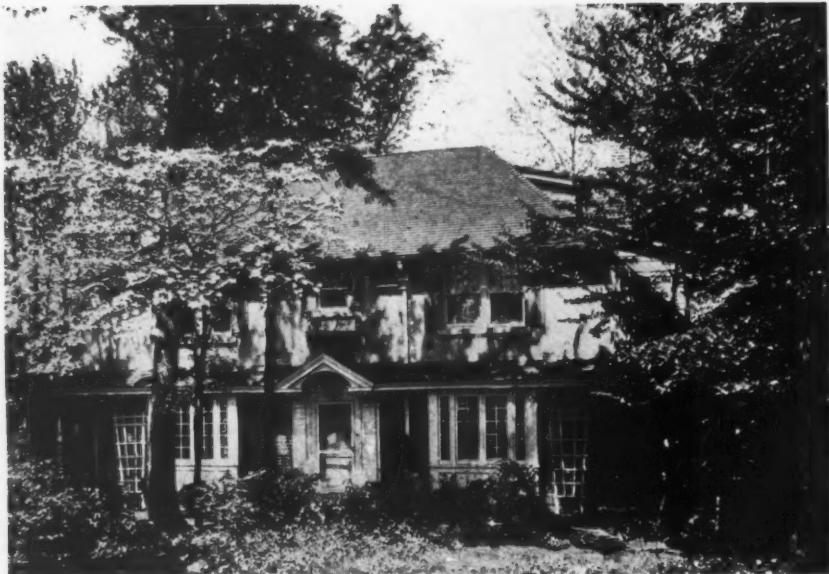
THE STONE buttresses of this house rise directly from the large boulder as though part of it: This house, itself of stone, has been literally built upon a rock.

J. M. Richardson Lyeth, the owner, and Mann & MacNeille, the architects, have created just the type of house most suitable to this group of forest dwellers, one that is not only harmonious to look at, but as enduring as the stones.

The house below is the home of Dr. H. H. Janeway; William Emerson, architect.

AT THE RIGHT is a house built of stone and shingles, the stones were taken from the foundation excavations: The boulders left in the foreground will form part of a wild flower garden.





THE HOME
of the architect, Dwight J.
B a u m , de-
signed by him-
self, surround-
ed by trees
which sprang
up of them-
selves and
were carefully
saved in all
their natural
beauty of
planting.

How much
better than any
lawn is the
carpet of vines
and creepers
with their liv-
ing pattern of
flowers.

ANOTHER
view of
this
same
house in
winter
garb:
The
tracery of
leafless
branches
makes as
interesting
a picture
as though
tipped with
green
leaves
and white
flowers.
Think
what it
would
mean to
city
dwellers
to be
able to
retreat
to such
a home
after the
confusion
of a day
in the
city.



THE HOME
of Dr.
George A.
Wyeth,
designed by
Dwight
J. Baum,
though it
looks as
if it
might be
far away
among the
green hills,
is in
reality in
New York
City
within a
few
minutes
run from
lower
Broadway.
Below is
a front
view of
the same
house
showing
the
garage
wing.



At
Field-
ston,
River-
dale-
on-
the-
Hud-
son.



THE GABLES of this forest home rising above the trees of New York City are in the grove between Van Cortlandt Park and the Hudson River, reserved by a man who loved nature, as a home site for busy city men.

It is difficult to believe that this house, the home of Nicholas Kelley, Esq., is actually within New York City's limits, that it is within immediate touch with two of the best schools for girls and boys in the city, with subways and with all the city conveniences of electric light and telephones, that, in fact, it combines the latest conveniences for comfort and efficient management of a home with the health and joy and pleasure of country living: Albro & Lindeberg, architects.

THIS HOUSE at the right crops up among the boulders as though it were a huge stone itself: The first story is of stone and the upper part of concrete, making an almost invulnerable and very beautiful home for city dwellers. This is the home of Larimer A. Cushman; Mann & MacNeill, architects.



COUNTRY HOMES WITHIN CITY LIMITS

crevices of the rocks along the margin of that little pool where blue pigeons once drank, which has been saved for the pleasure of the whole community. Dances and fêtes are given in the grove, when the dancers are reflected like lovely pictures in the mirror of the pool.

NATIVE flowers are not only carefully treasured, but cultivated in the gardens. Wild flower gardens are given preference to formal ones. They are not arranged in circles, stars and stiff square beds, but planted informally among the rocks as though they grew there of themselves. Woodbine and bittersweet trail over the retaining walls and the wild rose blooms at the kitchen door. When vines or flowers are planted to cover the scars of the new foundation they are of a kind that look at home there. The whole place is a sanctuary for birds, and squirrels frisk among the trees as of old.

Though this community of country houses seems far away, it is but a few minutes' run from the business centers of New York City. The roads are graded to full city width, curbed and surfaced with an asphalt bound macadam, the walks are of fine gravel with grass plots on either side. Sewers and gas pipes are laid out of sight, telephone and electric wires made as inconspicuous as possible.

Two views are shown of the Dwight J. Baum house—one surrounded by the spring leaves and flowers, the other in the grip of winter. The contrast is extreme. The tracery of leafless branches makes as fine and interesting a picture of home beauty as when the branches are tipped with dogwood petals or tender leaves. This house, designed by the architect for his own home, is of concrete, toned with rocks about it—a fine example of a permanent and beautiful structure, absolutely in accord with its surroundings.

The mushroom overhang of the Dutch Colonial house is peculiarly effective in its setting among the trees. The body of this house is of stone like the ledge it rests upon. The roof, which comes well down over the rock body, is of hand hewn cypress shingles stained a light, but warm green, the trim of the house is white, so that the whole effect is bright and sunny. One porch, made like a pergola, is often used for dining. Over the pergola beams vines grow and make a charming ceiling. The garage wing with servants' quarters above and trellis up the sides to support vines makes an interesting feature. This house, designed by Dwight J. Baum for Dr. George A. Wyeth, representing the acme of modern home comfort and convenience, beautiful to look upon, delightfully situated, is surely typical of all that an American home ought to be.

COUNTRY HOMES WITHIN CITY LIMITS

OTHER photographs show different methods of using the local stone. In one case the stone buttresses rise directly from a large boulder as if part of it; so that the house, itself of stone, is literally built upon a rock. Another house of stone foundation is built among the rocks and boulders cropping up in the grass between the trees as though a stone itself. The upper part is of concrete which makes this house a monument of permanent beauty and livable comfort. Still another shows stone combined with wide shingles. A wonderful chance for a rock garden lies at the doorstep. How interesting would be a collection of native rock-loving plants and ferns blooming in the crevices or at the foot of those noble gray boulders.

The value of what has been done here in this section of New York City, known as Fieldston, cannot be overestimated. We feel that it holds a suggestion of importance to all cities, especially young cities. Nearly every town and city of America has had its rise from a flower-strewn meadow, a grove, beside a singing brook or wide river. A small portion of natural beauty has, fortunately, nearly always been reserved as a city park, a heritage of ever increasing worth; but few large cities, however, have thought to save a place in which its people could make their homes and keep in touch with simple, wholesome



The garage wing of the George A. Wyeth house connected by a pergola with the main house, showing attractive and homelike detail.

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

country living. True, there are many parks outside the city limits, outside the city's interest, where man can make a home, but they are generally too far from business centers to be practical for present-day living. Appreciation of suburban home life is rapidly spreading, as the many residential parks just beyond city confines can testify. Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco are encircled by beautiful suburban homes. The eagerness with which city people hasten to build their homes beneath the boughs of trees when it is possible proves that in every heart is the instinct to keep in wholesome touch with outdoor life, is an ineradicable love of nature.

In all modern city plans there is a noticeable effort to establish beauty and wholesome living facilities as well as business centers within city limits. For it is being understood that man's needs include a home in a garden or among trees where sun and fresh air can pour in at the windows, as well as an office building within instant touch of the world's business centers.

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM: BY WILLIAM HAYNES

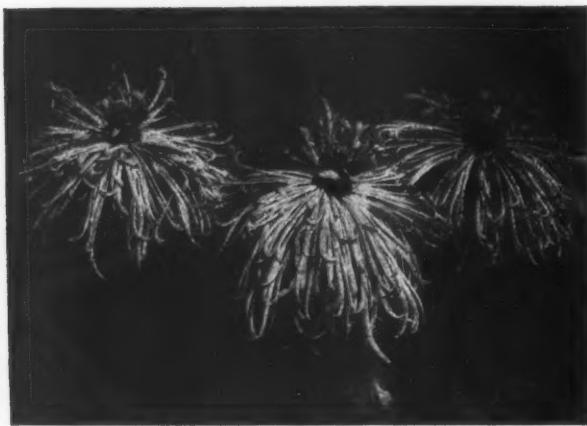
THEY would be everything," I said, as I watched the ragged, tangled flowers nodding in the clear, cool, autumnal sunlight, "if they but had fragrance."

"Many have wished so," replied the little Japanese gardener, and then he told me this strange flower-fable of Old Japan.

Centuries ago, a kind and strong Emperor, Kytosiu by name, ruled over Nippon. Under his gentle hand the country flourished. Peace and plenty filled the Island, and in the Old Records his reign is called the Reign of Great Contentment.

The samurai, after generations of strife, were at peace among themselves; and their vassals harvested their rice and millet in uninterrupted quiet. Both noble and peasant waxed wealthy, and weavers, sandal makers, potters, ivory workers—indeed, all artisans, save only the sword makers—were busy and happy. All the most clever inventions, the pride of Nippon, were skilfully devised by happy hands at this time, and then too, the workers in precious metals and bright enamels wrought their most priceless treasures. In those days, too, the poet first began to weave words as the embroiderer of Kyoto works his threads of gold and rainbow-colored silks into curious and beautiful images, and the artist with his cunning brush first imitated the feathers of the gray heron, the pink petals of the cherry blossoms, and the olive shadows of the pine

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM



"A flower that is softer than the lotus, more stately than the lily."

very ridge of the backbone of Nippon. Exiled from men, he had built his hut on the topmost crag of the towering volcano, and there, with only the vultures as companions, he filled the years of his solitary life with schemes of revenge upon Kytoshiu, who never gave him so much as a passing thought. Year after year he feverishly delved in mysterious arts and with trembling hands concocted new hate potions.

Warui would never murder the Emperor. He lacked the courage, and besides he had not plotted and planned all these sleepless, nervous years in vain. He knew well that the bountiful and happy peace that blessed Nippon was the ruler's dearest possession, and that only by destroying it could he be tortured into acknowledging the powers of his enemy.

When Emperor Kytoshiu's son died, Warui knew this was the time to stab at the wounded heart, and so, one day in the Month of Cherry Blossoms, he dressed himself in the yellow robes of a holy man and descended to the Imperial City. He took his stand outside the Palace and to the passing throngs he called in a loud voice:

"Good people of the Imperial City, faithful subjects of the great Kytoshiu, may he reign till the tiny pebble grows to the mighty, lichen-covered rock! the gods have spoken to me, even to me who am as the vile dust under your illustrious feet. The Great God himself has spoken to me, the most unworthy of his slaves, and has told me of his thoughts concerning you."

These strange, authoritative words uttered by this bold stranger soon gathered a great crowd, and Warui continued:

trees against the silver waters. In the days of Emperor Kytoshiu, peace and contentment, like a great Tibetan cloak, enwrapped all Nippon, and every one, from the great Emperor himself to the river coolies, was happy.

But Warui, the Emperor's relentless enemy, lived 'way up on the

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

"The Great God is well pleased with you and for your reward sends you a wonderful flower, a flower that is softer than the lotus, more stately than the lily; it is sturdy as the young pine, and more delicate than the plum blossom—but it is without scent. The first, so the gods have ordained, the first who brings sweet odor to this flower, the one quality it lacks, may wish three wishes which will come to pass even exactly as he has wished."

Then, by the aid of his magic, Warui caused dozens of strange flowers to spring up in the hard-packed clay of the street. With eager exclamations the people dug up the plants and carried them triumphantly home. News of the heaven-sent flower spread like fire in the time of drought, and by the thousand, pilgrims came from all parts seeking plants.

Now a great change came over Nippon. Weeds sprang up in the peasants' untilled fields; red rust collected undisturbed on the bright tools of the carpenter; and dust settled, thick and gray, on the work-bench of the ivory carver. The whirl of the silk looms was not heard; the trading and fishing craft rotted on the shores; the jinrikishas no longer hurried up and down the streets. The brushes of the painter lay idle; the writer's ink dried unused in his pot; the scrolls of the student were untouched. Even the Emperor, wishing to bring back his dead son, forsook the duties of government. Everyone was mad, and all digged feverishly from the first gray of dawn till the deepest evening dusk, and then tossed all the night in nervous wakefulness, planning new



"The first who brings sweet odor to this flower may have his heart's desire."

awaiting the morrow to try new experiments in the garden. A thousand different shapes, and sizes, and colors of the new flower were produced, but none succeeded in bringing to the blossoms the faintest suggestion of a perfume.

Bitter jealousies now arose. Son turned against father, mother
(Continued on page 332)

"HERCULES OF THE FOREST:" THE SECOND OF A SERIES ON THE NEW IDEA IN HOME FURNISHING

"As a lion among beasts and the eagle among birds, so is the oak among trees."



OMETHING of the majestic bearing of the oak as it stands a living thing, "monarch of the woods," clings to the furniture made of it when fashioned by a man who has a reverent, understanding love of his work. The staunch and fearless carriage of an old oak tree, its bold, confident front, its kingly beauty, has made it a symbol of divinity, of strength and endurance to people who have lived and worked close to it. It has been called "Hercules of the forest," "Jove's own tree," "type of an honest English heart." What the lion is among beasts and the eagle among birds, so is the oak among trees. It is hallowed in our mind through historic and personal association. And all of this is subtly felt in good oak furniture. From its superb strength our homes have been built and furnished and strong ships launched to make friends with neighbor lands.

Its color, beauty of texture and grain, its hardness, elasticity and longevity, have inspired cabinet work of quite a different character



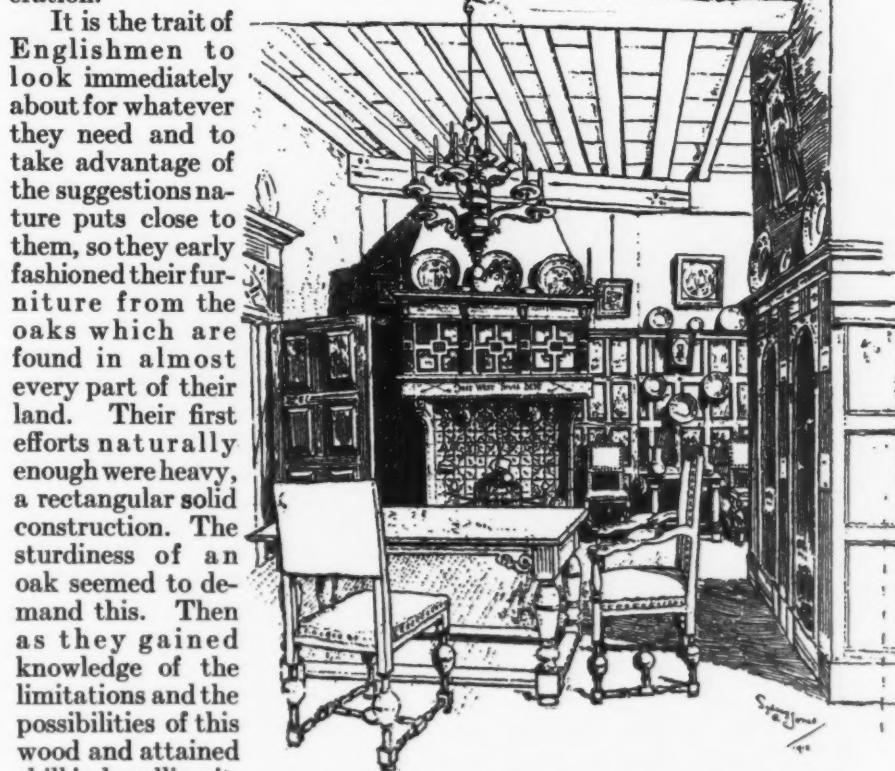
S. George S. Jones, Jr., up.

The charm of the old homes lay in the fact that pieces were made by different people and were not manufactured in sets: Courtesy of John Lane Company.

from that made of any other wood. Its very nature called for a sturdy construction, the type of design suited to people of simple habits and simple needs, people who revel in color and who love beautiful things which will endure, which are worthy to be passed on as precious

"HERCULES OF THE FOREST"

inheritance from generation to generation.



A mediaeval study of the rich and satisfactory use of oak in walls, ceiling and furniture: Courtesy of John Lane Company.

It is the trait of Englishmen to look immediately about for whatever they need and to take advantage of the suggestions nature puts close to them, so they early fashioned their furniture from the oaks which are found in almost every part of their land. Their first efforts naturally enough were heavy, a rectangular solid construction. The sturdiness of an oak seemed to demand this. Then as they gained knowledge of the limitations and the possibilities of this wood and attained skill in handling it, they began to relieve it by paneling,

by low relief carvings; the square legs were tapered, rounded or turned octagonally. The old carvers cut their own sturdy, simple character in some of the old pieces left to us and the old designs still furnish us with much inspiration.

There is a rich, warm tone to old oak that we ever have sought to simulate. We have often attempted an imitation by a dark-brown stain, but this never, for a moment, deceived those who love a beautiful old piece of wood. It lacked sun-warm richness, was without modulation of tone and faded lighter and lighter until within a few years all semblance to old oak was lost. Furniture treated in

"HERCULES OF THE FOREST"

this foolish way, that deceived only the most careless observer, was often made even more monstrous by machine-made carvings. But how impossible to reproduce by mechanical contrivances the spirit of those craftsman who put their whole soul into their work. The old carvings showed the mind of the carver, his individual fancy, his characteristic use of the chisel; it was full of irregularities, showing when his imagination failed him or his hand became tired. Even a careful copy of the work of those old artists is stiff, for nothing can touch in beauty an originally-made thing. Copies are fundamentally lacking in all that makes up the charm of an original. The value and the joy in the old work lies in its record of the struggle, the failures and successes of men who strove to materialize some thought of their mind. How is it possible for a copyist to catch that creative spirit?

OUR modern furniture has lacked the charm of personality, for it has been turned out of shops where each part was made by a different mind. This "efficiency" process resulted in excellently constructed furniture because specializing gives facility in mechanical details. But such assembled perfection of workmanship destroys art, it lacks coördination of the single mind, hand and heart that produces great and enduring work. Furniture should be made as the old Sierra chair-maker made his chairs: "I like to shape up a chair and think about the wood while I make it. After I cut the tree down and saw it into logs I smell of it and feel of it and let the out-of-door shade dry it a while till its own color comes out. . . . Every part of the chair is made out of the same tree and I study over the graining of the pieces before I make them up. . . . When you make a chair and send it out the very best of you goes with it." This is the spirit that inspired the old cabinet makers.

People are more appreciative of the old work that was designed and made by artist-artisans than they were but a few years ago. Of course, there have always been a few who valued the quality possessed by old pieces, but only of late has there been a general awakening to the difference in the time-tried old and the experimental new work. The atmosphere of refinement demanded in present-day home furnishing of necessity discards the varnished furniture so recently favored.

Much of the individuality and charm that make the old pieces valued by us is seen in the new oak furniture made by Gustav Stickley. It is simple as are all great things—and distinctly American. Made of American oak, by an American man who has loved and worked with oak for a life-time, who has felled, cut into slabs, seasoned, sun dried, selected, designed and formed it into beautiful,



Designed and Executed by Gustav Stickley.

OAK UNDER THE NEW TREATMENT POSSESSES A RICHER, more vital quality than the old, yet is as mellow as though darkened and toned by the slow process of time: No furniture is more distinctive or more suitable to American homes than oak, for it is simple, substantial, can be adjusted harmoniously to rooms large or small, combined with heavy upholstered chairs or with light and delicate willow.



THE CHINA CLOSET
at the left is a revived and adapted form of that useful old household article, the chest, which gradually became transformed by raising it from the ground, to the present form of china closet, sideboard or dresser.

This design brings lightness to an ordinarily heavy looking article: Its color makes a perfect background for china or glass.

The finish of this china closet represents an evolution in wood finishings: It is as rich and mellow in tone as old furniture yet has an alive, vibrant feeling: All corners have been softened so that the whole piece has none of the unused appearance of new furniture.

BELOW IS THE NEW
model day-bed with a small table and useful taboret beside it: Such a day-bed is more suitable for use in living rooms than a couch and far more attractive: The design is light and graceful.





THIS OLD
sideboard, the
latest produc-
tion of the
Craftsman
shops, is as
useful and
suitable for a
hall as for a
dining room:
The drawer
and door pulls
have not yet
been put on.

In the new
furniture all
the natural
beauty of the
wood is re-
vealed: The
leather cov-
ered chair be-
side it with
turned legs is
a triumph of
design.

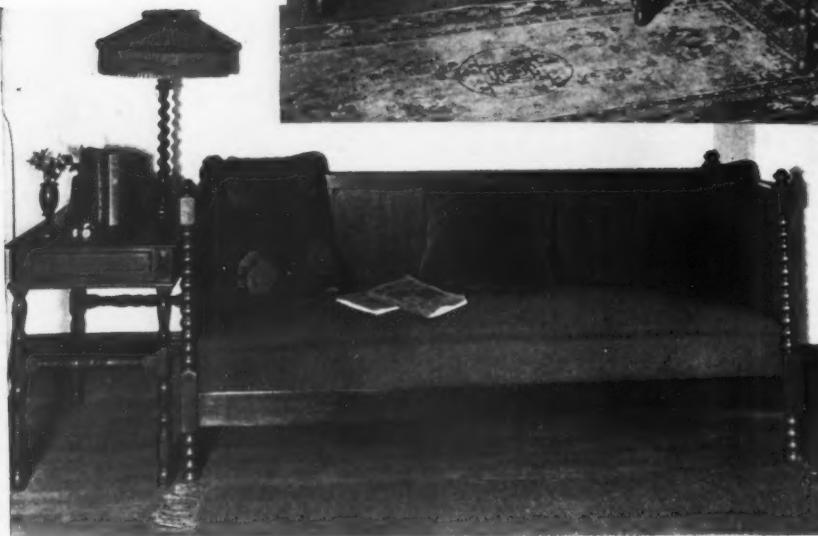


A GROUP
of the new
furniture is
shown at the
right: The
stretch-
er rails at
bottom of
table and
chairs give
strength as
well as
beauty of
design.

The serv-
ing table at
the right
makes a
most ac-
ceptable
console for
the hall.

THE LEATHER covered armchair and the bookcase, both among the latest products of the Craftsman shops, represent the very newest development of workmanship and design.

Such a chair adds distinction to library, hall, as well as dining room: The turning of the legs and stretchers adds lightness and the swing of the arm gives grace: The leather has been toned to carry out the rich, mellow look of the oak.



THIS DIGNIFIED, IMPRESSIVE, LUXURIOUS DAVENPORT, with the table, reading lamp and books upon it makes a cozy corner of library or sitting room: Being long enough to sleep comfortably upon, this davenport takes the place of the unsightly folding couch.

"HERCULES OF THE FOREST"

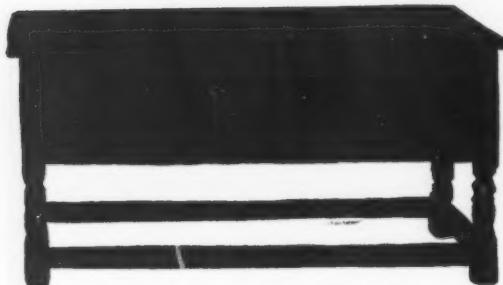
comfortable, honest and true furniture. It has much the air of the old English furniture, much of the superb dignity of the living tree as it stands braced against storms or under the blue sky as the sun pours its warm color into it. In this furniture the native color of the oak, its texture, grain, the swirl, twirl and twist of its veining is retained. No varnish or shellac conceals its inherent beauty or prevents it from proclaiming its own forcible, dependable and true nature. The finish of this furniture marks a new era in wood treatment; under the touch of the hand it seems alive; there is a soft silkiness about it like the cheek of a child. Below the nut-brown surface is a warm glow as though the sap still flowed at the pulse of life. Mr. Stickley, who knows the worth of a living tree, who understands how to bend it to his will without destroying its spirited character, has given years of concentrated effort toward finding out how to bring out and to preserve its color. He has already produced notable oak and mahogany furniture distinctive in line and finish, but this, his latest creation, is different from anything he has ever done both in design and finish. It is the climax of a life-time's experience, an acme of furniture art.

To carry out our purpose of publishing the series of articles, showing how the old-time methods of living and home furnishing could be adapted to our present mode of life, that we announced in our November issue, we are illustrating for the first time this new furniture. Last month we spoke of the dining room and how, by exercising care in choosing articles, the same quality of artistic distinction could be made manifest in our homes that made those old ones so pleasing. Much of the charm of the old lay in the fact that the furniture was all individual pieces, not made in sets, and that they were interchangeable, not intended for one room only.

The first picture is a good example of this interchangeable quality of furniture. The table is one that could be used in the library with a wide, comfortable reading chair beside it and the taboret for flowers, smoking set, extra book or even serving basket within convenient reach. It could stand in a hall, serve as a breakfast table or be taken out on the porch or sun room. It is a table to serve many uses, a handy indispensable piece of household furniture.

The china closet shown in the next photograph has a new note about it—that of being raised from the floor. In reality this is a very old form, an evolution of the household chest that, gradually being raised from the floor, became a sideboard, a dresser, chiffonier and china closet. Its advantage in the modern home is obvious. It gives lightness to a generally heavy article of furniture, breaks up a too

"HERCULES OF THE FOREST"



A chest bench that serves equally well as a piano stool: The lid raises to hold music.

serviceable, beautiful article in a small city apartment that must needs condense several rooms into one and make the most of the few articles of furniture permitted.

Another convenient accommodating article suitable for modern homes is the day-bed. This bed shows oak at its best; hard, firm, strong, yet light of weight and in feeling. It can be used wherever a couch is needed and to better advantage. It is a little more formal, therefore more suitable for living-room furniture. With a roll-pillow at either end it provides a delightful decorative note and offers a splendid opportunity for introducing color in a room. It is just the thing for a college man when his study and bedroom must be the same, for it is fine and comfortable to sleep upon, good for a lounge in the day and makes an interesting article of furniture. It serves the same useful, all-around purpose in the composite drawing room and bedroom that makes up the average business woman's home. A room furnished with this day-bed, with the table at one end, with reading lamp, books and flowers upon it, with the sideboard shown in the next photograph (with mirror above to serve as a dresser) a writing desk, little desk chair and comfortable wing chair would make a livable and most attractive room, that serves as sitting room and bedroom with delight and convenience.

THE sideboard possesses the spirit and atmosphere of the old Jacobean furniture though it is in no way a copy. The color is more

This little bench could serve as a taboret or placed under a window-seat could be used to hold potted plants.



"HERCULES OF THE FOREST"

beautiful and more alive than the old, the design simpler and more delicate, more suited to our homes. The original Jacobean was intended for use in great rooms and impressive halls and fitted in their places to perfection. Our homes demand lighter, plainer things, such as are here shown. This sideboard is as suitable for a hall as for dining room and would look well in a library, study or den.

The same thing can be said of the leather-covered chair beside it, namely, that it is interchangeable, suitable for dining room, library, hall or study. It is substantial without being heavy, rich, but with no touch of ornateness, beautiful and comfortable. It takes many years of experimenting, designing, elimination and adjusting to produce such a chair. There is nothing stiff or awkward about its simple lines. One could say of this chair: "Here is a thing that pleaseth me, this chair. . . . He's made a thing in every way complete. As honest as its maker through and through," as Horace Varney said of an old Colonial chair.

In the next picture is an arrangement of oak pieces serving as a suggestion for dining room, though any piece could be transported to other rooms with equal success. For instance, the serving table on the right of the group would do excellently well as a sort of console in the hall. The table makes a fine library table, the chair could be used to advantage anywhere. The alive, rich, color of these articles makes them welcome in almost any American home as well as in almost any room.

The davenport is wide, generous, roomy, dignified, with not a superfluous ornament or meaningless line about it. The proportion, that vital factor in all cabinet work, was studied until a perfect balance has been attained. Though a commanding piece of furniture, nevertheless, it has a cozy, homey look about it. Filled with pillows and rolled before an open fire it would create an atmosphere of luxurious comfort in a living room. Against the wall in a reception hall or study it would give a sense of elegance and richness, in a man's sitting room it can serve as a lounge by day or as bed in case of an emergency. It is intended to be upholstered with tapestry, velour, brocade, leather, or whatever material is needed to carry out the plan of the room. The table at the end and the lamp upon it are of oak treated in this same delightful warm, rich tone so that they look as though refined, matured and finished by the process of time. Above this picture of the davenport is a bookcase, leather-covered armchair and standard lamp that can be used in the same room with the davenport or separately in hall, dining room or library. The lines are distinctively American, construction substantial, the color vital.

SWIMMING POOLS THAT "SNARE THE SUN": BY HENRIETTA P. KEITH



THE House *Excellent* of the present implies more than good architecture, more than convenient floor plans and harmony in decoration, more even than choice of the site and suiting the dwelling thereto, essential as all these things are. There has arisen a wonderfully high standard of excellence for the modern home.

All the ordinary comforts and beauties must be included with many extraordinary ones; at least we'd have considered them extraordinary a few years ago. They are become usual and a matter of course now. "Snarers of the sun" are we, in our unhesitating appropriation of every good and beautiful thing for the home of our dreams.

It arises before us, a fair vision, and we boldly put it into material form. So it comes about that the swimming pool—until recently considered as a feature of some millionaire home or a public utility—is now quite frequently included in plans for a modest home.

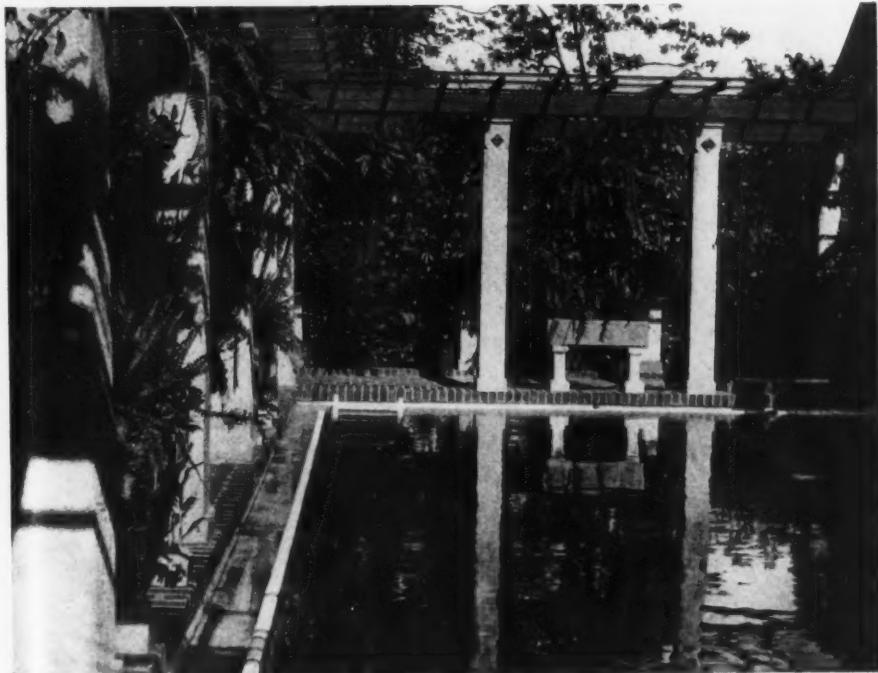
There are kinds and degrees of swimming pools, just as there are of houses. While California is preëminently the land for outdoor swimming pools, and we illustrate several charming examples, it by no means has a monopoly of these pleasant places. The outdoor pool first shown is a feature of a lovely Minneapolis garden—a garden living room in truth, carpeted with the velvet green turf, sheltered overhead by a vine-wreathed pergola of gray cement pillars which encloses it on two sides while the garden wall protects it in the rear; equipped with a dressing room and a shower bath, and furnished with garden seats. Flowers are set about, and hanging baskets of ferns swing between the vines of the pergola rafters. The paving around the pool is of large red tile, which with the richly blended hues of the tapestry brick wall, form a color background of great beauty for the silvery pool and its brave green setting.

The owner of this lovely garden has been fortunate in finding an architect with sympathetic ideas, and together they have achieved a feature not only beautiful in itself, but artistically related to the dwelling and unified with it. The pool itself is a large one—sixteen by twenty-eight feet and eight and a half feet deep. It is lined with colored tile, making a lovely lure of tone with the cool, green water where "emerald shadows shot through with sunlight" fall from the vines overhead.

The loveliness of the garden swimming pool is undoubted; but its beauty and usefulness is brought low all too soon in most climates by winter frosts. Some outdoor pools have indeed been enclosed with glass like a hothouse or conservatory, with a space around the pool

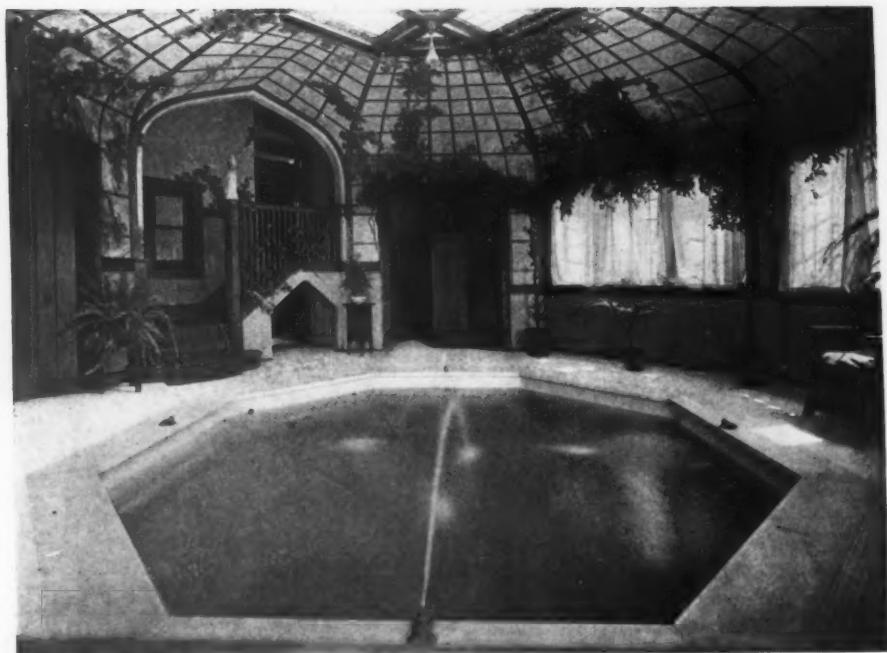
AN OUT-DOOR SWIMMING POOL in California of gray concrete: The border is veiled by vines and gold and brown creeping mosses: Jars of deep green pottery filled with flowers crown the pillars of the enclosing brick wall.

With palms, peppers and eucalyptus at the outer edge to this pool there is always a bit of shade to bring coolness when the sun becomes too warm.



A SWIMMING POOL in an Eastern house built of tapestry brick half hidden in shrubbery: The floor of pool is lined with bright turquoise blue tile.

White marble columns support the pergola of reddish brown wood: With large ferns planted in heavy jars and with vines streaming down from the pergola this pool will be a fairylike place indeed.



A SWIMMING POOL OF CONCRETE in the center of a California patio.

AN OCTAGONAL INDOOR SWIMMING POOL in the house of a Minneapolis architect, covered with a glass dome.

SWIMMING POOLS THAT SNARE THE SUN

fitted up with wicker couches for sun baths. But this is a costly expedient and deprives the pool of all its outdoor character. If an all-the-year pool is desired, include it in the plan of the house.

SELDOM have beauty and utility been combined in a more interesting manner than in the indoor swimming pool here illustrated in the home of a Minneapolis architect. Being his own client, he could give free rein to his fancy. An octagonal, pavilion-like room was built into an angle of the house, planned to receive it, but on a lower level than the main floor. A short stairway connects the pool room with the great living room, and one of the charms of the house is the lovely vista through the open door, while the senses are lulled by the drowsy tinkle of the spray falling into the dimpling pool. Even Mahomet in Paradise, taking his afternoon nap near the fountain of Salsabil, with a cloud for a pillow, rolled under his head by a devoted houri, had scarce a lovelier place or a softer lullaby. Its prototype indeed may well have been one of the courts of the ancient rulers, with its pool and fountain in the center and a narrow, cushioned seat or divan running around the walls richly set with windows of stained glass.

The pool room is twenty-four by twenty-eight feet and the pool itself about twelve feet in diameter and six feet deep in the center, sloping down from the rim, where it is about four feet deep. It is in fact a huge cement bowl, resting on cement footings with an air space between of two and a half or three inches. This air space is an important provision, because the ground at that depth is cold in summer and the cement basin would be of the same temperature as the ground if connected with it. In winter, the ground being warmer than the upper air, this objection would not obtain.

In this instance the water is kept at the temperature of the room in winter by the coil of pipes passing through it from the heating plant of the house. No extra heat is used, for the water radiates all the heat supplied to it into the atmosphere of the house, with the additional advantage of the humidity from the water in the pool. A metal gate—a canal gate in miniature—in the bottom of the pool is raised to empty it. This connects with the sewer through the basement pipes. There is of course an outlet for overflow, when the streams are playing from the mouths of the four green frogs squatting on the edge of the pool.

In addition to the casement windows extending completely round three sides of the room, it is lighted by a skylight, which has electric lights at each intersection. The ceiling dome, which curves down from this skylight, has a very unusual and charming fresco decora-

SWIMMING POOLS THAT SNARE THE SUN

tion of lattice and vines done in oil so as not to be injured by the dampness. Real vines growing from concealed pots are cunningly trained to meet the painted ones, so that it is hard to tell the real from the simulated. Bay trees in tubs and potted ferns stand about on the white cement tile paving around the pool and add to the charm. Here have been merry swimming parties, the gayly colored suits of the swimmers reminding one of "those robes, gold-tawny, not hiding the shapes of the naked feet unsandaled;" they darted about like goldfish in a bowl. Garden and house, no longer separate entities, are now closely linked in a pleasant intimacy. A beautiful eastern home has just achieved a swimming pool built of the tapestry brick of the house with a deep-eaved, Spanish tile roof, but so hidden in shrubbery that it does not seem to have a separate existence. The interior is supported by gray and white marble columns, and is walled around with white enamel tile. The cornice and the ceiling beams are of reddish brown wood, with green plaster between the beams. The floor of the pool is tiled with bright turquoise blue tile.

The classic beauty of the California patio with swimming pool in center needs no comment. It is hardly loveliness unadorned, but its own perfection is its greatest charm. A beautifully proportioned arcade surrounds it, and upon this all the living rooms open. Slender cypresses and the delicate lace-like vines overlie the gray concrete pillars like the Moorish fretwork of the Saracens. In the fragrant shadows of the cypresses, marble seats are placed at intervals around the marble pool with its amber-brown water reflecting the red-brown Spanish tile above. Almost one thinks of the wood-brown pools of Paradise, so pure are its depths.

THE last illustration shows garden pools with the wonderful California setting and the romantic treatment possible in that favored land. The gray of the concrete is veiled by vines and the gold and brown of creeping lichens, while jars of deep-green pottery filled with flowers crown the pillars of the enclosing brick wall.

To attempt such features in small grounds would be absurd, but garden loveliness is not at all the prerogative of the rich. There are many picturesque corners "all among the reeds and rushes" cunningly set in small gardens whose charm is as great as the more artificial and costly compositions.

As to cost, it is impossible to make hard and fast specifications. Each pool is its own problem. Dimensions vary with circumstances, and depth also varies. For a pool say fifteen by twenty feet and eight feet deep, the cost would average ten cents a cubic foot if made of concrete. If lined with finished tile, the cost would be doubled. The

SWIMMING POOLS THAT SNARE THE SUN

tile is ideal, both for beauty and for use, but costly. An outdoor pool such as the last shown would cost about two thousand dollars.

On the other hand, a modest little wading pool, where children's feet may splash joyously in the water, may be built for one hundred dollars. It can be of a size suited to small grounds, and the excavation is a mere bagatelle, for nine inches in the center and four inches at the outer rim is quite deep enough. The pool would be of concrete, with the floor slightly rough so the little feet will not slip. It may be fed by a small pipe placed a foot underground and entering the concrete by an elbow, which connects with the house supply. There would of course be an outlet connecting with the sewer, and the water can be completely changed in a short time by flushing the pool with the garden hose. Such a simple pool is within the reach of almost anyone. From such a pool to the costly plaything of the millionaire's garden, with its marble sides and tile linings, its vine-wreathed pergolas and flower-filled urns, is a far cry. But there are many intermediate stopping places. Certain fundamental points are essential in all. There must be sufficiently large openings for supply and escape. There must be waterproof construction. Provisions must be made for filtering or sterilizing the water. One way of keeping water sterile at small expense is to use calcium hypochlorite at regular intervals in very small doses. A simple method is to fill cheesecloth bags with the powder, one quarter pound to 25,000 gallons of water, and drag the bags through the water till the powder is dissolved. Provision should be made for warming the water. Outdoor pools exposed to strong sunlight, as in California, are comfortable without other heat, but this would not be the case in northern climates much of the time. For indoor pools the water should be the temperature of the room and there should be good ventilation. Bad air and too low a temperature will destroy all the pleasure and benefit of the pool.



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT: A TRUE STORY



NNIE was tired and hungry, and, as the November wind pushed and hurried her roughly toward the cafeteria lunch room in the basement of an old New York house, she planned the meal she would like to have—beef stew, ten cents; sandwich, five cents; a cup of tea, five cents; cake, five cents. But today, and for many days to come, she must put upon the japanned tin waiter, covered with paper napkin and provided with tin spoon and "near" silver knife and fork, nothing but the sandwich and cup of tea, and take it over to the table where the other girls feasted gaily upon cake or pie. She was "saving up" to buy her mother a Christmas present. Her mother was not very strong and it taxed her strength to keep the family clean and fed. She loved pretty things, but, of course, did not have many, for her girls who went to the big shops to sell things or to run back and forth with things to be wrapped up, or who nimbly clattered upon the typewriter in some back office, needed to look nice far more than she did.

But one day Annie caught the look of longing in her mother's eyes for a pretty warm house gown she had seen in a shop window, and resolved that on Christmas Day she would have some such really lovely thing. Now how is one who works all day and who puts all her savings into the family treasury, to buy a really lovely thing? There is but one way, of course, and that is to save it, "here a little and there a little" from the twenty-five cents a day allowed her for lunch and carfare. If it did not rain and if she could get up a trifle earlier and hurry through her home tasks, she could walk to the office and lo, a five cent piece could be added to the box in the far back corner of the drawer. By going without cake or pie or even a needed stew, she could drop another nickel, or perhaps a dime, into that little box tied up with a string. Never had cake a sweeter flavor than those uneaten pieces that day by day for four months she had denied herself, and never was there a more gloriously-given gift than that soft, baby-blue eiderdown wrapper with soft woolly slippers to match that was lifted from its nest of rustling, billowy, snowy tissue paper on Christmas morning. Its beauty and perfume filled the apartment like a benediction. The little mother, arrayed like the summer sky, sat upon her chair proud as any queen upon a throne—not of the blue thing that enveloped her, but of the love from Annie's heart that comforted her like the singing of a Psalm.





A CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSE WHOSE WALLS ARE MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD: BY CLARK WOODWARD

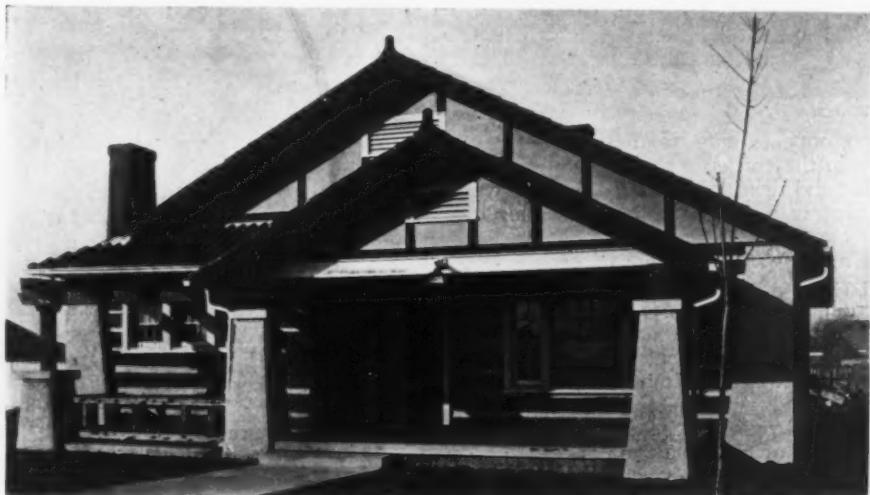
IN the construction of this home the owner, who is also the builder, had no ambition to produce an eccentric house or a novelty. He did produce an unusual house, but not for the sake of the unusual. He may have dared to break away from the conventional methods and materials of the community, but it was with no intention other than trying to meet the requirements of utility, service and individual needs.

An honest house was desired, without any sham, without any display of false material and without any hint or suggestion that the owner possessed means that he wished to advertise by pretense.

It seems that the American public so often prepares itself for deceptions in an-

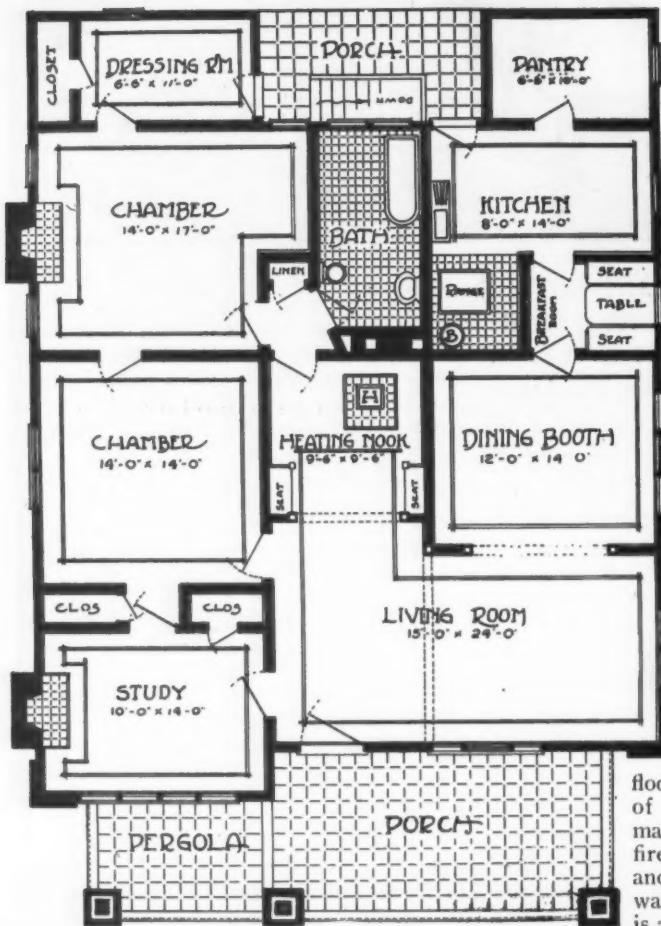
ticipation of misrepresentations. A person who had observed the house from a distance did not suspect for an instant that it was a real log-house and began to surmise at once just how the builder imitated so closely a log structure; it did not occur to him that a homely material could be utilized in such a manner.

The logs are of cedar and were placed in the former building early in 1800 consequently were perfectly seasoned and adapted for service in a new wall where many new requirements were to be made. The logs averaged four and one-half inches thick and so perfectly were they hewn and set up in the old building that the wood lathes were nailed directly on the logs and in a vertical position. In the new building strips were nailed one and one-half inches thick, sixteen inches on center for lathes, thus insuring a perfect wall and dead-air space. Strips of metal lathes were nailed behind each crack and formed a backing and anchorage for the cement filling; a



FRONT VIEW OF A CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSE: DESIGNED AND BUILT BY CLARK WOODWARD, THE OWNER.

A CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSE



INTERESTING FLOOR PLAN OF THE CLARK WOODWARD LOG HOUSE.

poorer cement filling was first thrown with force in the cracks, a roughing coat added to that and then the rich finishing coat was troweled with a recess to the upper log of each crack and flush with the lower log, thus making a water-table of each crack. This was not necessary, but precautionary. There has been no perceptible shrinkage to date on the part of log or cement.

Buttresses of cement with spreading bases appear at the front corners adding strength and massiveness to the general effect. Columns on the front porch and pergola are of the same form and material. The floors of the porch and pergola are cement colored to a terra cotta and marked

off into twelve inch squares; the floor of the pergola is six inches lower than the main floor.

The roof is covered with hollow tile of a gray green color. The logs are stained a tobacco brown and the cracks and all cement work are waterproofed with a deep cream coating.

The floor plan places the heater in the center, from which sufficient heat radiates to supply the requirements of the living section, dining section and one bedroom, which is the occasional room; fireplaces in the study and the owner's bedroom supplement that of the heater. The heater is placed in what is designated in the plans as the heating nook; a square of tile placed flush with the floor is the permanent place of the heater, where it remains the year round. A fireplace effect with mantel and tile facing is built in the wall behind the heater. There is a basement and provision

for a furnace, but the owner preferred the heating apparatus on the floor above where space was specially provided for it, and thus get the benefit of the radiation that would be otherwise lost. Why do not stove manufacturers produce heaters that will harmonize with surroundings of good taste? What kind of a setting should the average base burner and heating device, with all its prominent parts heavily nickelated, demand? The foolish nickelated urn seems an inseparable crown to all such creations and other unnecessary parts are so frequently added and excused for the reason that they are nickelated. We asked a manufacturer this question and he promptly asked us to draw plans covering the demands. We are at work on them now. An

A CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSE

acceptable heater and a place for it makes its presence proper and excusable. We are seeking to design a satisfactory heating plant at a minimum cost.

The dining room is included in the main living section, giving an effect of considerable expanse; the walls of the partitions are five feet six inches high to a ledge, leaving an open space of three feet from ledge to beam in the ceiling.

The living section, dining room and study are finished in chestnut, stained green weathered and the walls are burlap with autumnal colors and paneled. The frieze above is twenty-four inches wide, simple and strong in design, has a background of dull orange and is framed in with the ceiling board and a board taking up the tops of all windows, doors and plate rails. A cloak closet opens off from the study, having a shutter open at top and bottom.

The small breakfast room has built-in Dutch seats and table. The kitchen range is set back in a recess out of way of the working space in the kitchen proper; outlet for fumes and heat is provided through the ceiling. The pantry is sufficiently large to allow the functions of a kitchenette, where the gas range is installed for summer use.

All the furniture and most of the lighting fixtures were made by the owner, so



DINING ROOM IN MR. WOODWARD'S HOUSE SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY OF WOODWORK AND WALL TREATMENT.

were the mantels and front door. The front door is four by seven feet, two-and-one-quarter inches thick and made of well seasoned quartered white oak with all mortises six inches deep; for additional strength and decoration heavy oaken pegs with pyramidal heads three inches square were driven through the tenons. Colored glass matching the general color scheme fills the opening in the door. On each side of this opening are brass panels with raised designs studded in with escutcheon nails. The knocker has a hammered brass plate, oaken lever and knob, a metal hammer beneath the knob and a metal receiver to match it riveted in the plate. All the brass trim is hammered and treated with butter of antimony to subdue the glitter while the high points are polished.

The house seemed like a home of long acquaintance to us the day we moved in; vines take kindly to the log walls, and since these photographs were made we have transformed the walls and pergola into bowers of greenness and bloom. Permanent vines were secured rapidly by transplanting white clematis twenty and thirty feet in length and supporting them until they put out their own tendrils.

We have a place that is a



A CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM: THE WOODWORK HERE AS IN THE DINING ROOM AND STUDY IS CHESTNUT AND THE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH BURLAP IN AUTUMNAL COLORS.

COLOR AND LEON BAKST



LOOKING AT THE HEATING NOOK IN THE CENTER OF THE HOUSE FROM ONE END OF THE LIVING ROOM: THE LIGHTING OF THIS NOOK SEEMS ESPECIALLY PICTURESQUE AND CHARMING.

real home, reflects to some extent the individuality of the owner, and it invites his friends with the same welcome it admits the owner at the close of each day. This we feel to be the philosophy of *THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE*, and for that reason of interest to your readers.

IN the building of this house Mr. Woodward has indeed materialized the philosophy of *THE CRAFTSMAN* in a most satisfactory and interesting manner. It is first of all absolutely an expression of his own instead of a commissioned architect's ideas.

COLOR AND LEON BAKST

(Continued from page 269.)

he had attained the power to present all varying human experience, and so to present it that the response is full, sweeping, almost terrifying. It is as though color in his hands had become a magician with all the power through mysterious waves of light to evoke good and evil.

It would be idle to say that Diaghileff's development of the ballet, his creation of the dance-drama through the aid of Fokine and Nijinsky has not proved an inspiration to so sympathetic and delicate an instrument as Léon Bakst's imagination. For Diaghileff has seemed to see all the beauty in sound and motion that the world has produced and has gathered it up in the hollow of his hand in this concrete expression. The world from one continent to the other should have the joy of its full realization.

He saw opportunities in the old log building and took advantage of it in his own way. He made the floor plan to suit the convenience and pleasure of his own family needs, so that they have exactly what they want instead of something they were over-persuaded into accepting.

Every problem of the house, the lighting, heating, furnishing, etc., has been made and managed by himself, so it is in every sense of the word his

own creation. The making of this house has no doubt proven a valuable adventure to him, developed his skill, broadened his experience and given him one of the dearest satisfactions possible for a man to know. Perhaps no happier man ever lived than the pioneer who hewed a clearing in the forest for a garden and raised a home from the felled trees, who stripped the logs for his furniture, planning, thinking and dreaming while he worked. Our civilization has robbed us of much opportunity for the cultivation of our own powers of resourcefulness and our joy of personal accomplishment. We have given over to paid strangers the very things that should have been done by ourselves.

Much indeed was given to Léon Bakst as a foundation for his work in the ballet, and yet one cannot imagine the Diaghileff Company stripped of the orange and purple and green and black and rose and gold and silver and opal that flutters on the limbs and floats from the arms and envelops the lovely throats of the makers of beauty of the Imperial Ballet. The tour of this company will be watched eagerly by all people who are interested in this rare combination of music, gesture and color.

One begins to realize how important to the public Serge de Diaghileff's *Ballet Russe* is when we are told that four weeks out of the season of the Metropolitan Opera House are being reserved for the Ballet, a thing which has never been done to our knowledge in the history of the Opera House. The Ballet opens in the Century Theater, and through the midwinter will be seen in fifteen important American cities.

WEAVING ON AN OLD-TIME LOOM

WEAVING ON OLD-TIME LOOMS: BY MERTICE BUCK

(Continued from November Number.)

PUTTING ON THE WARP.

THE principle of the crossed threads must be observed in making the warp. The crossing in making the warp is generally kept by cords, and a ready made warp comes from the factory with these cords firmly tied in place. These must be removed before the warp can be spread out on the yarn beam, and this is where amateurs frequently come to grief, by taking out the cords before putting in lease sticks to hold the cross. A very simple method of procedure is to insert long, heavy cords to hold the crossing threads. The warp must be fastened securely to the beam at the end from which the chain unlaces (there is sometimes a cross at both ends). Some yarn beams are made with a long stick sunk in a groove, in which case the stick may be slipped through all the loops at the end of the warp, and put back in the groove. It is tied in place in the groove after the warp is spread out to the desired width. The lease sticks may then be easily put in place, one at a time. They should be tied together, or held with large rubber bands to prevent their slipping.

A very useful device to keep the warp threads from tangling and make them wind smoothly on the yarn beam is a long wooden comb as wide as the loom, called the raddle. With it is sometimes used an upper piece which prevents the threads from slipping over the top of the raddle teeth. The raddle is fastened securely across the loom in a vertical position. A very good plan is to fasten it to the upright sides of the batten. A small portion of warp is then unwound from the beam, and the threads are distributed between the teeth of the batten, care being taken to keep them straight from the beam to a corresponding position in the raddle.

In order to wind on the warp smoothly without leaving loose threads, it is necessary to get a very even tension. The best way to do this is by winding the chain of

warp on a *drum*, but this is often impracticable for an amateur, and the chain can be held firmly enough in the hands of one worker while another turns the beam of the loom, and winds on as far as the warp threads are straight. The lease sticks which have been wound with the warp must then be worked back toward the raddle, care being taken to undo gently any little caught places so as not to break the threads. This plan of having the raddle stationary and the lease sticks movable, gives an opportunity to wind on about a yard at a time. The warp on the beam should be kept from settling in by occasionally laying a long stick—a curtain stick answers the purpose—along the beam *under* the warp which is about to be wound on. There should be one of these sticks to every six or seven yards of warp. The greatest difficulty which amateurs are likely to encounter is that occasioned by the chain coming undone so that the threads loosen and tangle. Care



WEAVING A COVERLID WITH FIVE HEDDLES: THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE STARTING.

WEAVING ON AN OLD-TIME LOOM



BLUE AND WHITE COVERLID WOVEN ON A HAND LOOM. Should be taken not to loosen the chain for more than a yard or two at a time. A cord tied around the bunch of warp will prevent tangling. If a thread breaks the ends must be tied at once with a weaver's knot.

Putting on, or *beaming the warp*, is sometimes also called *warping the beam*. When the warp has been put on smoothly for its entire length with but few knotted threads, it may be said that the multiplication table of home weaving is mastered.

ADJUSTMENT OF HARNESS FOR RAG RUG WEAVING.

For plain weaving two heddles are used. The wire ones set in frames are the easiest for amateurs to manage, but string heddles with copper mail eyes work very well. The number of heddles is usually rather greater than that of the warp threads or ends; half should be on each frame. The heddle frames are suspended from a horizontal beam crossing the top of the loom; usually there is a cord arrangement sliding on a pulley at each end of this beam, which allows one heddle to go up while the other goes down. In threading the heddle eyes it is necessary to know the number of eyes in each frame, and find the middle eye of each frame. The warp must also be counted and the threading must begin from the center thread. A small hook, called a warp

hook, is inserted through the center eye in the front frame and the middle thread caught on it and pulled through. The next thread to the right is then threaded through the eye next to the right in the back frame—and this process is continued across the loom, taking each thread in succession. The work should be watched closely, as it is very easy to take two front or two

back heddles in succession. The ends should be tied in small bunches in front of the heddles to avoid pulling backwards and unthreading. The last eight or ten ends may be threaded two together to form a *selvage*. The left side should then be threaded, starting from the middle. The mistake to be avoided is that of threads crossing in the heddles. These may be discovered by pushing down the front frame and looking through the shed, then pushing down the back frame. There should be a clear opening across the loom, but if there is a thread in this space a cross is indicated, and the heddles must be rethreaded to correct it; sometimes two threads only require rethreading. Before the ends are threaded through the reed it is well to examine the heddles straight across the loom to see if there are any errors. It is often necessary for a beginner to do considerable rethreading, or *pulling in*.

The batten is in front of the heddle and is a swinging frame containing the reed. The ends of the warp must be threaded from the middle hole or dent of the reed and go straight from the center of the heddles to the center of the reed. The threading should be done with the warp hook.

When the reed is threaded, and the ends tied to prevent their coming out, the harness must be carefully adjusted so that the threads will run horizontally from the back

WEAVING ON AN OLD-TIME LOOM

beam through the heddles and reed to the front beam. The heddle frames are attached to the treadles in a way to give a perfect balance, as shown in the photographs. The batten must swing freely, without striking the heddles or the front beam. This takes some care.

Generally on the front beam there is a series of cords to which the ends of the warp are to be tied, with the knot shown in the sketch, or there may be a piece of strong drilling to which the ends are tied called an apron. Before describing the actual process of weaving it may be stated that after the loom is once threaded it is not necessary to reread the harness for every new length of warp. When the warp is woven nearly to the end, instead of pulling out the threads it is better to tie them securely in small bunches in front of the reed and behind the heddles, so they cannot slip through. After the new chain of warp is put on, the new ends may be tied one by one with a weaver's knot to the old ends.

WEAVING.

It will be found that the harness needs considerable adjusting before it works perfectly. The heddle must be hung so as to allow a wide shed. Sometimes threads have to be retied, as one loose thread destroys the perfection of the web. The shed is formed by pressing the foot on one treadle, and in order to keep the weaving even, a long lease stick is slid in the space across the loom. The shed is then changed by pressing down the other treadle. (The treadles must be carefully adjusted so as not to strike the floor.)

It is well to begin the weaving with a heading of cord. The shuttle may be filled with twine or warp thread. This allows any defects in the threading of the loom to become very apparent.

When the shuttle is filled a shed is formed by pressing the foot on the right hand treadle, and the batten is pushed back toward the heddles with the left hand. The shuttle is thrown through with the right hand as near as possible to the reed. The thread should not be pulled tight at the selvage. The row of weaving is then beat up toward the front of the loom by swinging the batten forward. The shed is then changed by pressing down the other treadle, and the shuttle is thrown through from the left hand side. After about an inch of heading is completed it is easy to see if there



A HONEY-COMB COVERLID WOVEN WITH FOUR HEDDLES.

are any threads to be corrected in the warp, and this may be done. If not, the weaving may be continued with whatever filling is desired.

Many weavers nowadays use only new materials, long strips of denim, of figured chintz or outing flannel, producing fabrics of great beauty. But for those who prefer the method of the olden time it may not be amiss to give a description of how to use old materials. The great point is to have the rags cut evenly and to make them of a width to "beat up" to the same thickness in weaving—that is, a strip of muslin should be cut much wider than a strip of calico. Hit and miss rugs in soft colors are always useful in a bathroom. And if the filling material is old it will not fade any more.

The weight of the rug must be sufficient to hold it straight on the floor; two and one-half pounds of rags to the square yard is a good proportion—that is, five or six yards of denim or outing flannel. The rags should be well sewed flat. The weaver becomes expert when the ends may be overlapped without sewing if desired. The rug may be varied by introducing bands of color or by using two shuttles alternately, letting several colors run "hit-and-miss."

The beginner will have difficulty in taking out the work and it is much better to weave

WOULD YOU GIVE YOURSELF A JOB?

a series of pieces one after the other, leaving six inches of warp between, and weaving a cord heading at each end of each piece. The pieces when taken out should be finished with fringe made by tying the ends of warp.

The question of coloring materials often comes up. It is very easy to wind the balls of rags in skeins and dip the skeins in a dye both green, blue or brown. If the balls are of hit and miss this will give a shaded effect which is very good, and this method allows rugs to be woven to match the color scheme of certain rooms.

PATTERN WEAVING.

After the amateur weaver has become proficient in making rag rugs and portieres it is interesting to try something more elaborate. For pattern weaving harness may be increased by the addition of one, two or three heddles. A very simple design used by our grandmothers is illustrated in detail. The four heddles used carry each a certain series of threads, arranged so as, viewed from above, to form groups of threes. In weaving the foot is placed on two heddles at a time; the cut shows the arrangement. In weaving this piece ordinary carpet warp may be used with mercerized cotton in blue for the filling, or both warp and woof may be of coarse white linen. The ends may be of plain weaving. The weaving of coverlids is an intricate process, but it can be successfully mastered by an amateur.

Eliza Calvert Hall's Coverlid Book shows many lovely designs with their quaint names, "Governor's Garden," "Lee's Surrender," "Bachelor's Fancy," etc. It is interesting to note that when such weaving was in vogue it was taught to the prisoners in the State Prison of Auburn, N. Y., with great success, and many "prison coverlids" are still in use in northern New York.

THE interest in hand weaving seems steadily on the increase. The desire for its beauty in our homes and the value of it in educational institutions seems to have brought about a revival of this most significant craft. It has been found that little children, the crippled and the infirm take eagerly to this method of earning their living. It has proven valuable in asylums for the deaf and dumb. And quite apart from the use of it in institutions, it is finding place again in remote country districts, in the mountains of the South and

in New England. Women find that spare hours, even though few, can be profitably employed for their own homes and for financial return by a knowledge of hand weaving. It is an outlet for the artistic sense that is latent and undeveloped in so much of isolated humanity, and it is astonishing how much in the way of artistic development can come to children through the right use of the hand loom. They can be taught interesting color schemes and beauty of textures, the value of time and the great importance of patience. In other words, the hand loom can be made quite a small college education.

WOULD YOU GIVE YOURSELF A JOB? BY J. R. WORDEN

If you applied to yourself for a job—would you get it?

Think it over.

Just be "boss" for a few minutes—then check up your record for the past month as an employee.

Remember now, it's your money meeting the payroll.

Have you, as an employee, filled your hours with productive conscientious labor, or have you been too busy watching the clock?

Have you produced enough in that month to make you a profitable investment?

Have you put your shoulder to the wheel—forgotten petty differences and difficulties—or have you put sand in the bearings?

Have you asked questions and improved—or have you been too wise to learn?

Have you analyzed what you are doing, and why, or used instinct instead of reason, and got an indifferent and methodless result?

Have you allowed your mind to become poisoned with anger, worry or envy, and by so doing contaminated and reduced the efficiency of others?

Have you gone through the month, a vision of pay day the oasis in your desert of work? And have you let this vision shut out from view all else in the day's work that would build you to a size where you would give yourself a job?

Or have you been heart and soul in the work—on the job every minute with a breadth of vision that made of the desert of work an oasis of opportunity?

Check up. Be truthful. Would you give yourself a job? From The Artisan.

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 279.)

I talked with my union carpenter and he told me that as a matter of fact he was not a carpenter at all, but a plumber; but he could make a little more money as a carpenter and so he elected to call himself that and came to do my work. It is much the same in the musical trade unions. There is no standard except a financial one, and it is not the man who is the greatest musician who has the best salary.

"But to return to the endowment of music. You will see that at present it is necessary for certain kinds of musical development. After you have put music in all your schools, in the biggest, most impersonal way, I firmly believe that you will be cultivating a generation of people who will be eager to support symphony concerts, grand opera, who will be writing music for both.

"The question of endowment does not seem to trouble any one in Germany; it is universal. In every place of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants there is a symphony orchestra supported by the town. In Berlin the Emperor gives three million marks a year out of his private income for the advancement of music; in Vienna, music is supported by the government. There seems to be no question in the world but what the people who have the greatest opportunity for enjoying music should really be the supporters. The idea of endowing music in Germany came about through Frederick the Great, some two hundred years ago. He was a music lover. He and the dukes of his court decided that they would pay for it themselves and this sentiment has continued in Germany ever since, although if it were not done there is, in my mind, no question in the world but what the people by voluntary contributions would hold music in their midst.

"You have asked me just what quality in your civilization I find most detrimental to the development and progress of the arts. It seems to me that the most serious handicap to art that I have been able to discover in America, and of course there are serious handicaps in every nation to its best growth, is the fact that politics in this country is a matter of business, not of national concern. I believe that politics should be absolutely separated from business activities. Politics is the machinery of running a nation. A man should not be in politics to make money, to make his living, but to work for

the welfare of the nation. There should be no opportunity whatever for him to have to face financial questions. He should be supported by the government. But in America I find in every State people in politics for their own interest, not to build up a finer, stronger, purer nation, not to insure the development of art loving people, not to add to the beauty of the country, the delight of it, but for their own aggrandizement. Naturally this brings about a state restless, uncertain and separated from the betterment of the country. Also it places in power and in high positions men not prepared for the work; it gives young people the idea that they can start on the top, not that they must work carefully, warily, assiduously into a position of supremacy, and one that may account for a great deal of the general restlessness that prevails everywhere, and of the eagerness of young people to skip the steps that should be climbed in their own business, artistic or spiritual growth.

"In all schools I notice a tendency for children to escape as soon as possible, to get out and make money before they are prepared to make it well, to start life with half-baked ideas of what is worth while, with their profession half learned, to be independent when they are young, and not to be independent in order to get the utmost from life, but to play harder. It is the young people who are making a little money, without much knowledge, who fill the cabarets and the poor theaters and whose lives are choked and disintegrated before they are old enough to realize what they are losing.

"Everywhere these young people are seeking for money in order to have more houses, more clothes, more playtime, more motor cars. This cannot mean more beauty, more real happiness, more development, more spiritual activity. The plumber cannot call himself a carpenter and do good work. Youth must prepare itself for great things if it is to live them, and it is through the preparation of the young that all great and good things come to a nation."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—After securing the above interview with Dr. Karl Muck, I went to hear him conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It chanced that the first number on the program was the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. As this wonderful music developed and progressed and soared under the miracle of his conducting, I realized that art is great, as love is great, as heroism is great, that these three things

BOOK REVIEWS

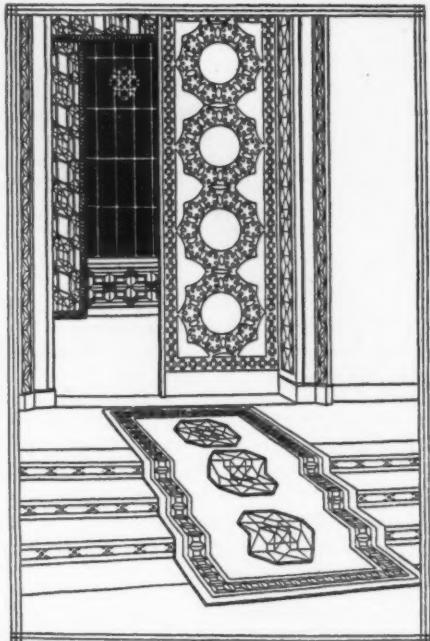
are the eternal splendors which transfigure the world and through which the spirit thrives and reaches up to the infinite; that only the hero, the lover, the creator are truly immortal.

BOOK REVIEWS

PROJECTIVE ORNAMENT: BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

WE are without a form language suitable to the needs of today. Architecture and ornament constitute such a language. Structural necessity may be depended upon to evolve fit and expressive architectural forms, but the same thing is not true of ornament. This necessary element might be supplied by an individual genius, it might be derived from the conventionalization of natural forms, or, lastly, it might be developed from geometry. The geometric source is richest in promise."

This quotation gives the key to the philosophy expressed by Claude Bragdon in "Projective Ornament," his latest book on decorative design. The designs used to illustrate the most unusual and interesting



A DECORATIVE DOORWAY.

of technical articles have been evolved from geometrical laws which to him seem inexhaustible and a rich ocean of inspiration. With a compass and T square he has devised a new system of ornament differing greatly from such established models as the acanthus and fleur-de-lis adapted from floral forms of nature. He declares that ornamentation in its primitive manifestations is geometrical rather than naturalistic, though the geometrical source is the more abstract and purely intellectual of the two.

"Projected solids and hypersolids, unfolded figures, magic lines in magic squares, these and similar translations of the truths of number into graphic form, are the words and syllables of the new ornamental mode. But we shall fail to develop a form language, eloquent and compelling, if we preoccupy ourselves solely with sources—the mere lexicography of ornament. There is a grammar and a rhetoric to be mastered as well. The words are not enough, there remains the problem of the word order.

"Now the problem of the word order is the analogue of the problem of the world order. The sublime function of true art is to shadow forth the world order through any frail and fragmentary thing a man may

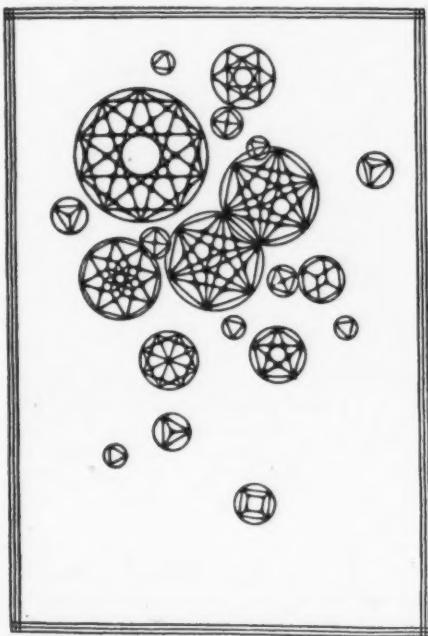


A GROUP OF GEOMETRICAL LANTERNS.

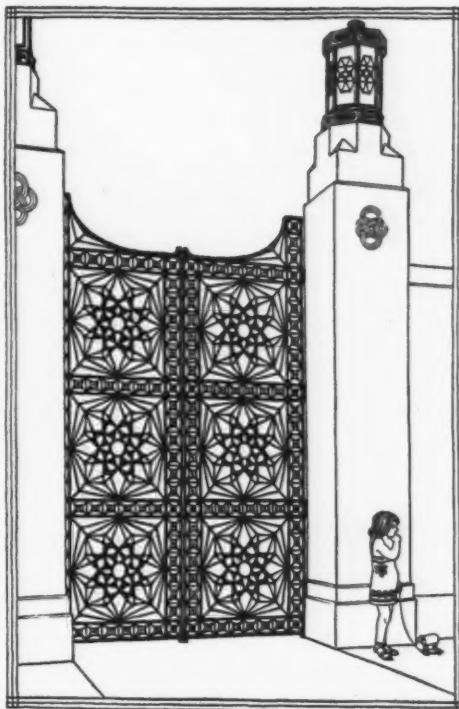
BOOK REVIEWS

make with his hands, so that the great thing can be sensed in the little, the permanent in the transitory, as the sun, for instance, is imaged in a dandelion, or a solar system in summer moths circling about a flame.

"The world order and the word order alike obey the law of polar opposites. The hard and sibilant in sound, the rigid and flowing in form, correspond to opposite powers: the former to that kind, igneous, masculine, which resists, and the latter to the aqueous, feminine type which prevails by yielding; the first made the granite hills, the second, the fertile valleys. For these great opposites there are a thousand symbols: the cliff, the cloud; the oak, the vine—nature's 'inevitable duality.' One term corresponds to fate, destiny, and the other to free-will, forever forced to adjust itself to destiny. Each individual life, be it a narcissus flower or a Napoleon, is the resultant of these two forces. The expansion of that life in space or on the field of action is determined by what we name its 'star.' In the case of the flower this is its invisible geometrical pattern to which the unfolding of every leaf and petal must conform; in the case of the man it is his destiny—his horoscope—the character with which he was born.



WHAT MATHEMATICS CAN DO FOR DESIGN.



SUGGESTION FOR A MODERN IRON GATE.

"Here we have one of those universal truths, fixed from the foundation of the world. Fate decrees—'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' Free-will whispers—'Within these limits thou art free.' Music figures these two admonitions of the spirit in the key, the beat, the movement, which correspond to destiny; and in the melody, which, with all its freedom conforms to the key, obeys the beat, and comes to its appointed end in the return of the dominant to the tonic at the end of the passage. To symbolize the same two elements in ornament, what is for the first more fitting than figures of geometry, because they are absolute and inexorable; and for the second, than the fecund and free-spreading forms of vegetable life?

"Whether or not we choose to impute to geometrical and to floral forms the symbolic meaning here assigned them, we cannot fail to recognize these two elements in ornament, and a corresponding relation between them. There is the fixed frame or barrier, and there is the free-growing arabesque whose vigor faints against the crystalline rigidity of the frame—the

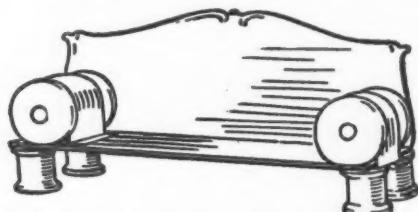
BOOK REVIEWS

diminishing energy returning upon itself in exquisite curves and spirals, like a wave from the face of a cliff. In the language of ornament, here is an expression of the highest spiritual truth—fate and free-will in perfect reconciliation. If from this point of view we consider even so hackneyed a thing as a Corinthian capital, the droop of the acanthus leaf where it meets the abacus becomes eloquent of that submission, after a life of effort, to a destiny beyond our failing energy to overpass."

There is an interesting chapter on the history of magic squares in which a brief account of their eastern and ancient origin is given with examples of design evolved from different squares, such as the square of three, etc. In the chapter on "The Uses of Projective Ornament" he gives ideas to whoever works in crafts employing linear design, such as lace work, lead work, book tooling, etc. Nearly one hundred black and white designs showing the manner of development and application to textiles, wall papers, designs of any sort in fact are scattered profusely through the book for the inspiration of art students and art workers. (Published by Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y. 79 pages. Frontispiece in color. Price \$1.50 net.)

HOME-MADE TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS: BY A. NEELY HALL

SANTA CLAUS needs the assistance of many clever little boys and girls this year, for there are so many good children looking for toys that he cannot begin to make enough himself to go round. So A. Neely Hall has made a book showing just how boys and girls can help Santa Claus to make a great many nice things, such as doll houses and furniture to go with them, apartment houses, elevators, railway stations, cars and shooting galleries. With a few cigar boxes and spools a boy can make as gifts for his friends or



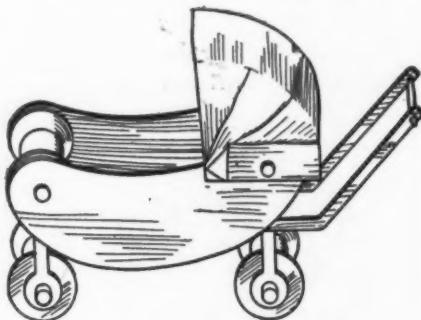
A TINY "DAY BED" WITH SPOOL ROLL CUSHIONS.



BOY AND GIRL RIDERS FOR MERRY-GO-ROUNDS OR "TEETERS."

for his own pleasure, the jolliest kind of toys—express wagons, carts, auto trucks, cradles, see-saws, swings, grandmother's clocks and many mechanical toys which can be wound up and made to go alone.

With just "pick-up" material he can make models of Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds and many other nice things by consulting the working drawings with which



DOLL CARRIAGE MADE OF SPOOLS AND CARDBOARD.

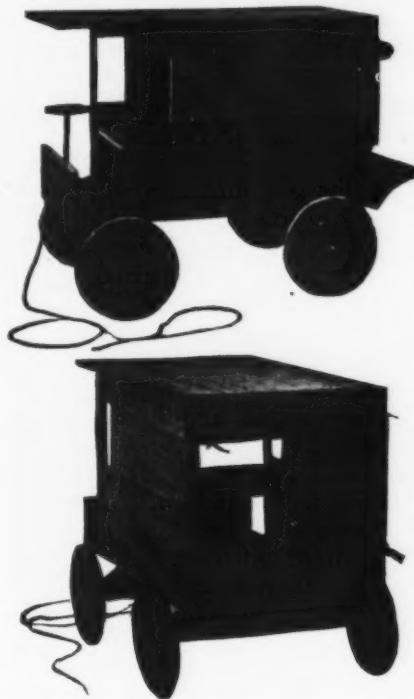
this book is liberally supplied. Everybody knows that home-made toys have a value far above any bought in a store, in the mind of every normal child. The fun of making them, the cultivation of resourcefulness in using materials at hand, is a fine game for the young folks, while the older people view the finished product with immense pride in the marvelous skill of their children!

Mr. Hall, who has provided a boy's natural energy with a safe and constructive outlet in his other books, "The Boy Craftsman," "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and "The Handy Boy," knows full well how to

BOOK REVIEWS

make play-work interesting. Diagrams given with each article described are easy to understand, so any schoolboy could follow them alone. These four books appealing to parents and teachers as well as children, encourage schoolboys and girls to think for themselves, to use their ingenuity and stimulate their ambition. "A handy boy becomes a handy man, a skilled mechanic, a practical business man, a thorough, accurate worker."

This book presented to any boy who loves to use his hands will give him pleasure and



AUTO-DELIVERY WAGONS BUILT OF CIGAR BOXES.

profitable employment for many a day besides unconsciously turning his mind in educative channels. Without knowing it he learns to work in wood and iron, gains a knowledge of machinery and perhaps discovers a dormant talent for instruction or invention. The little toys illustrated in this article are but a few of the many ingenious playthings described in this book. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. 214 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$1.25 net.)

PICTURES IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES: BY JOSEPH PENNELL

JOSEPH PENNELL, in his introduction to his collection of lithographs made while in the Land of Temples, says that "what impressed me most was the great feeling of the Greeks for site in placing their temples and shrines in the landscape—so that they not only became a part of it, but it leads up to them. And though the same architectural forms were used, each temple was so placed that it told from afar by sea or land, a goal for pilgrims—a shrine for worshippers to draw near to—yet each had a character of its own—always the same, yet ever differing. I know, I am sorry to say, little of proportion, of scale, of heights, of lengths, but what I saw, with my own eyes, was the way these monuments were part of the country—never stuck about anyhow—always composed—always different—and they were built with grand ideas of composition, impressiveness and arrangement."

He says that to him Greece was wonderful and beautiful, and that he was much moved by what he saw. We can easily believe this, for he moves us as we turn the pages of this book and see the temples as he saw them under the spell of sunrise, beneath a storm, at sunset and appreciate with him the impressive beauty of their setting. He did not look at those marvelous ruins of a beauty-loving race "with a foot rule, a translation and a dictionary;" but with his own keen eyes, and therefore has given us through his recording pencil a fresh, artistic impression of the character of that land of romance as well as of the temples themselves.

W. H. D. Rouse in his learned introduction gives the historical setting necessary to the enjoyment of the scholarly as they look at the forty inspired drawings of Greece's ancient temples. Mr. Pennell's comments are as illuminating and as inspiring as the sketches themselves. "Not only are the lines of the hills looking toward the sea perfect, but the builders of these, as of all the temples, took advantage of the lines of the landscape, making the temple the focus of great composition," says he of the Temples of Giergenti. And of the Acropolis: "And when the clouds of a spring afternoon gather behind the Acropolis, you realize why it was built on that barren

BOOK REVIEWS

rock; because the builders saw it would be the most impressive shrine on this earth."

When he speaks of the Temple of Nike, Athens, "one has but to cross to the other side of the Propylaea from the top of the steps—from the great platform and altar before the wall to find an equally inspiring—or inspired—arrangement. For there is no accident in these compositions. The way the line of the sea cuts blue against the white temple walls and shows through the columns at either end, and the way the nearer hill of Lycabettus piles up dark against the shining base on which the temple stands, and that is accented, too, by the one dark note of the theater—though it is later that one sees these arrangements—were not accidents. These things were all thought out by the builders of temples." (Published by J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and William Heinemann, London. 40 illustrations. Price \$1.25 net.)

PIANO MASTERY: BY HARRIETTE BROWER

WHEN Miss Brower, a musician and teacher of great ability and wide experience, at the instigation of *Musical America*, began to interview the leading pianists of the world for the purpose of gaining information as to the methods by which they obtained their mastery of that difficult instrument, the world of music students became intensely interested. Beginning with that great master, Paderewski, thirty of the greatest living pianists, including Bauer, Von Bülow, Hamburg, Mason, have been questioned by Miss Brower as to their individual method of playing, of teaching, of the importance each placed upon the development of technique, the position of hands, memorizing, interpretation, etc.

These interviews, which appeared from time to time in *Musical America*, enlarged somewhat and gathered together in book form constitute a most helpful and inspiring volume for music lovers. The last chapter, being of composite principles deduced from this series of talks, should be read by every teacher of piano, especially those who cannot come into close touch with the master musical minds of the world. It touches upon the art of practice, how to memorize, phrase, speaks of rhythm and tone color. It is a most entertaining, instructive and inspiring book, one that should be in the library of every musician. It is illustrated by sixteen sepia portraits. (Published by

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 299 pages. Price, \$1.50 net.)

METAL LATH HAND-BOOK

NOW that metal lath is being so widely used in architectural work of all kinds, a practical handbook on the subject will naturally find wide appreciation among builders, architects and students who are interested in this adaptable material and its many uses. The best methods of its employment are carefully described and illustrated, and a condensed record is given of scientific experiments, particularly as to fire tests. (Published by Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, Youngstown, Ohio. 128 pages. Well illustrated. Price, \$1.00.)

CHILD TRAINING: BY V. M. HILL-YER

A SYSTEM of education for the child under school age is outlined in this book, and the author, being headmaster of Calvert School, speaks with authority. While the theories set forth naturally follow more or less in the footsteps of Froebel, James and other psychologists, their practical application is the result of many years' specializing in the education of young children. Parents and teachers will find the chapters helpful in many ways, for the suggestions are given in simple and practical form. General instructions, habit drills, social training, story telling, physical training, rhythmic arts, play, manual training, reading and writing—these are among the subjects discussed. (Published by the Century Company, New York. 287 pages, 8 illustrations. Price, \$1.60 net.)

FAMOUS ITALIAN PICTURES AND THEIR STORY: BY FRANCES HABERLY-ROBERTSON

TRAVELERS and students will find here, simply and briefly told, the stories of some of the most famous pictures of the Old Masters, together with short accounts of the painters themselves. Raphael, Michelangelo, Domenichino, Guido Reni, Correggio, "Fra Lippo Lippi," Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, Palma Vecchio, Titian, and their work are discussed, and the text is illustrated with forty-two reproductions from photographs. A list of Italian and Greek names with their pronunciation is appended. (Published by Frances Haberly-Robertson, Fort Wayne, Indiana. 209 pages. Illustrated.)

BOOK REVIEWS—“WHERE LOVE IS”

“WHERE LOVE IS”

(Continued from page 240.)

busy about it, whereupon he again sat down opposite the woman.

Then the woman said: “Christ requite thee, dear little father!” . . .

The woman went away. Avdyeeich ate up the remainder of the cabbage soup, washed up, and again sat down to work. He worked on and on, but he did not forget the window, and whenever the window was darkened he immediately looked up to see who was passing. Acquaintances passed, strangers passed, but there was no one in particular.

But now Avdyeeich sees how, right in front of his window, an old woman, a huckster, has taken her stand. She carries a basket of apples. Not many now remained; she had evidently sold them nearly all. Across her shoulder she carried a sack full of shavings. She wanted to shift it onto the other shoulder, so she rested the sack on the pavement, placed the apple-basket on a small post, and set about shaking down the shavings in the sack. Now while she was shaking down the sack, an urchin in a ragged cap suddenly turned up, goodness knows from whence, grabbed at one of the apples in the basket, and would have made off with it, but the wary old woman turned quickly around and gripped the youth by the sleeve. The lad fought and tried to tear himself loose. . . . Avdyeeich ran out into the street. The old woman was tugging at the lad’s hair and wanted to drag him off to the police, while the boy fought and kicked.

Avdyeeich came up and tried to part them. He seized the lad by the arm and said: “Let him go, little mother! Forgive him for Christ’s sake!”

The old woman let him go. The lad would have bolted, but Avdyeeich held him fast.

“Beg the little mother’s pardon,” said he, “and don’t do such things any more. I saw thee take them.”

Then the lad began to cry and beg pardon.

“Well, that’s all right! And now, there’s an apple for thee.” And Avdyeeich took one out of the basket and gave it to the boy. “I’ll pay thee for it, little mother,” he said to the old woman.

“Thou wilt ruin them that way, the blackguards,” said the old woman. “If I had the rewarding of him, he should not be able to sit down for a week.”

“Oh, little mother, little mother!” cried Avdyeeich, “that is our way of looking at things, but it is not God’s way. If we ought to be whipped so for the sake of one apple, what do we deserve for our sins?”

The old woman was silent.

And Avdyeeich told the old woman about the parable of the master who forgave his servant a very great debt, and how that servant immediately went out and caught his fellow-servant by the throat because he was his debtor. The old woman listened to the end, and the lad listened too.

“God bade us forgive,” said Avdyeeich, “otherwise He will not forgive us. We must forgive everyone, especially the thoughtless.”

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

“That’s all very well,” she said, “but they are spoiled enough already.”

“Then it is for us old people to teach them better,” said Avdyeeich.

“So say I,” replied the old woman. “I had seven of them at one time, and now I have but a single daughter left.” And the old woman began telling him where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. “I’m not what I was,” she said, “but I work all I can. I am sorry for my grandchildren, and good children they are, too. No one is so glad to see me as they are. Little Aksutka will go to none but me. ‘Grandma dear! darling grandma!’” and the old woman was melted to tears. “As for him,” she added, pointing to the lad, “boys will be boys, I suppose. Well, God be with him!”

Now just as the old woman was about to hoist the sack onto her shoulder, the lad rushed forward and said:

“Give it here, and I’ll carry it for thee, granny! It is all in my way.”

The old woman shook her head, but she did put the sack on the lad’s shoulder.

And so they trudged down the street together side by side. . . .

Avdyeeich followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, then he turned homeward and found his glasses on the steps (they were not broken), picked up his awl, and sat down to work again. . . . He finished one boot completely, turned it around and inspected it. “Good!” he cried. He put away his tools, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He wanted to find the passage where he had last evening placed a strip of morocco leather by way of a marker, but he lit upon another place.

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

And just as Avdyeeich opened the Gospels, he recollects his dream of yesterday evening. And no sooner did he call it to mind than it seemed to him as if some persons were moving about and shuffling with their feet behind him. Avdyeeich glanced around and saw that somebody was indeed standing in the dark corner—yes, some one was really there, but who, he could not exactly make out. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin! Martin! dost thou not know me?"

"Who art thou?" cried Avdyeeich.

"'Tis I," cried the voice, "lo, 'tis I!" And from the dark corner stepped Stepanuich. He smiled, and it was as though a little cloud were breaking, and he was gone.

"It is I!" cried the voice, and forth from the corner stepped a woman with a little child; and the woman smiled and the child laughed, and they also disappeared.

"And it is I!" cried the voice, and the old woman and the lad with the apple stepped forth, and both of them smiled, and they also disappeared.

And the heart of Avdyeeich was glad. He crossed himself, put on his glasses, and began to read the Gospels at the place where he had opened them. And at the top of the page he read these words: "And I was an hungered and thirsty, and ye gave Me to drink. I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read this: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And Avdyeeich understood that his dream had not deceived him, and that the Saviour had really come to him that day, and he had really received Him.

THIS beautiful story is from one of the most delightful of the season's Christmas books for children, "Christmas in Legend and Story," by Elva S. Smith and Alice I. Hazeltine. These two librarians, who for many years have had experience in the supervision of children's books, have gathered together in this volume some of the sweetest, most touching legends, stories, poems and hymns ever written. Unknown as well as famous authors have told in the charmingly simple imaginative language so loved by children the story of the first Christmas night, of the flight into Egypt, of the childhood of that wonderful boy whose love and sweetness has blest all the little children of the world for all time. Poems and ballads of

"The Star Bearer," "Holy Night," "Three Kings," "Little Mud Sparrows," "The Children of the Wind and the Clan of Peace," of "St. Christopher of the Gael," touch the older folk as well as the children; but none of them all are sweeter than "The Legend of the Christmas Rose," by Selma Lagerlöf, that tells how the forest of Göinge is transformed every Christmas Eve into a beautiful garden where mosses, flowers, trees, burst into bloom, rivulets splash, birds sing, wild geese fly overhead, bullfinches build nests and baby squirrels begin playing in the branches of the trees, and of how one night good Abbot Hans happened to see it and brought back to the monastery some small white rootlets which his monks planted and tended all summer. But though it brought forth green leaves, showed never a blossom until Christmas morning. When all other flowers were as if dead this wonderful rose, the same that we know as the Christmas rose, bloomed beneath the snow and now it continues to bloom every year in all lands that wish to have it as memorial of the Christmas miracle garden.

The style and decoration of the book are in keeping with the stories and add to its interest. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. 283 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.50 net.)

THE SCENT OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

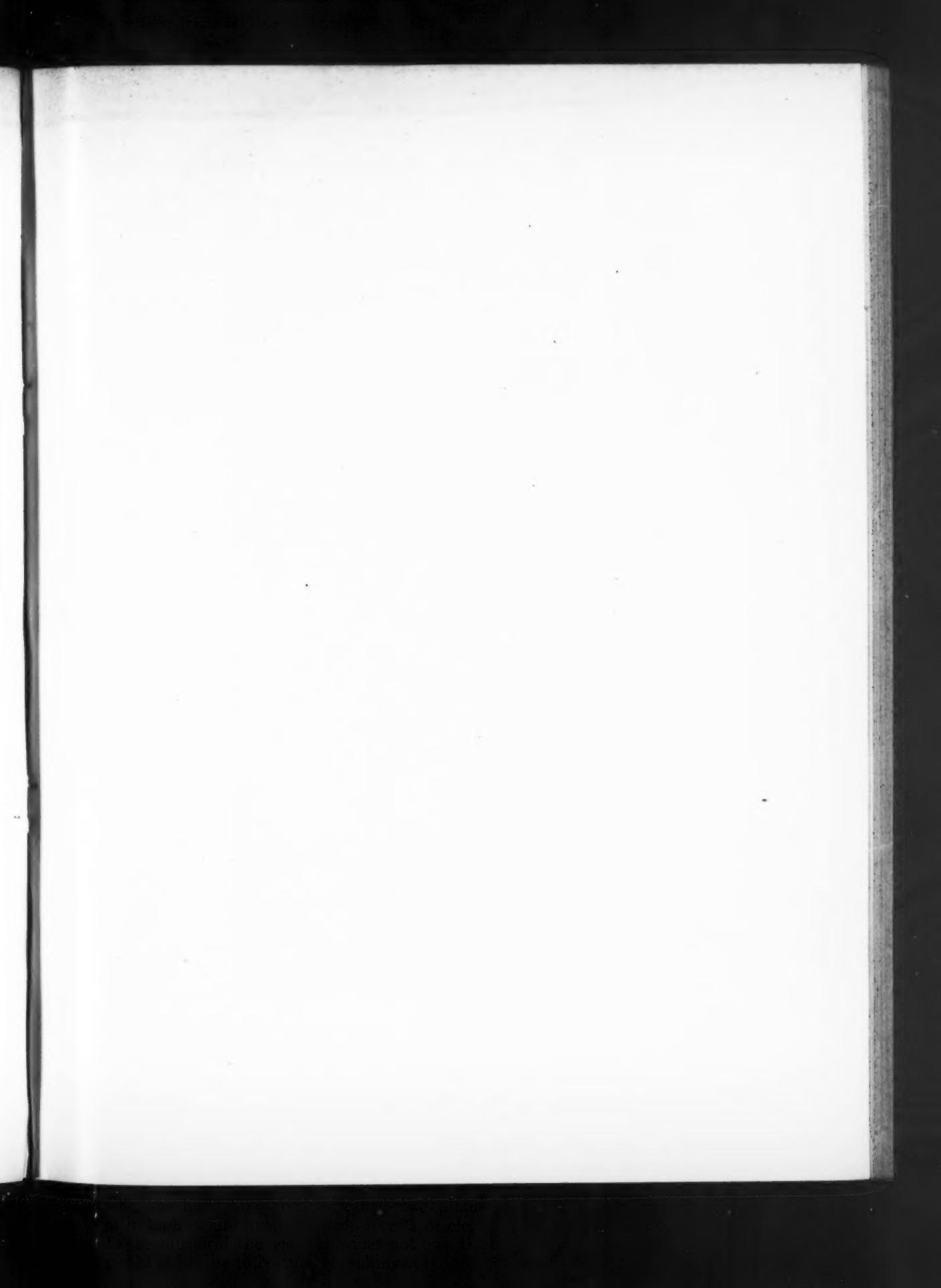
(Continued from page 301.)

against child, friend against neighbor. Soon dissensions and quarrels were followed by brawls and blows. Bloodshed, famine, and plague imperilled the Empire. Yet no odor came to the flower.

At last the Emperor awoke, and, seeing the state of affairs, passed a law forbidding, under penalty of death, the cultivation of the baneful blossoms. The people, however, had forgotten the wisdom and justice of their gentle ruler, and now civil war was added to the other horrors without restoring the bountiful, happy peace. So the Reign of Great Contentment was ended. Our tangled, scentless blossoms have survived Emperor Kyotoshi's edict.

"Will the Reign of Great Contentment ever come again?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, very, very many have wished that," he answered. "I also wish it, but it is as hard to root out discontent as to bring scent to the chrysanthemum."





Courtesy of the Montross Gallery.

MOONLIGHT: A Chinese painting of
the Ming Dynasty: A typical New Year
scene: From the collection of W. Bahr.